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MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

FROM THE METHODIST RECORDER.

The substance of an Address delivered by the Rev. John Potts, of Trenton, New Jersey, at the anniversary meeting of the Missionary Society within the bounds of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, held in St. George's Chapel in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 18th instant.

Mr. President.—In moving the acceptance of the Report just read, I am influenced by the heart-felt satisfaction which I have listened to its contents. It is but a little more than six years since I attended a meeting in this house—convened for the purpose of discussing the propriety of organizing a Missionary Society in this section of our church; since then, in the short period of six fleeting years, we may truly say, *The Lord hath done great things for us through the instrumentality of our infant Missionary institution*—and we are no longer under the necessity of directing the attention of the opposer of Missions, to the Sandwich Islands, to South Africa, or the distant shores of India, to prove the utility of Missionary operations; we can now point him to the forests of our own country, where but a few years since, the scalping knife was brandished, and the scalps of men, women and children, were exhibited with brutal exultation, as the trophies of savage warfare, but where now, the influence of the gospel of peace it witnessed, the arts and comforts of civilization are introduced, the voice of prayer is heard, and the praises of Israel's God are sung.

But sir, this is not all: we have heard from the report now on your table, that some of those christianized inhabitants of our western wilds have left the world in full possession of that peace and tranquillity of soul, which nothing but the experience of the grace of the gospel can afford. Imagine sir for a moment what would be your feelings were you witnessing the last moments of one of those children of the forest, who had been the victims of those cruel wars, and who, having been the recipients of the blessing of heaven on his Christian benefactors in this place, such scenes are not imaginary, they have been witnessed again and again, and surely they are sufficient to eradicate the last doubt from the ingenious mind with respect to the utility of Missionary exertion; and if the limited operations of your society have already effected so much, what may we not expect from the joint exertions of the friends of Missions throughout Christendom? Indeed we cannot expect too much. The plans that have been adopted to evangelize the world must and will succeed. This gospel of the kingdom must and will be preached to all nations, and its soul-renewing influence will be experienced by all the families of the earth.

It is true, that we who are the present actors on the stage of Missionary operations will not live to witness their final and complete success. But what do I say; yes, we shall live to behold the rule of Immanuel when all his enemies are put under his feet; not indeed while we are occupants of the shores of mortality, but we shall witness this; but if we faithfully persevere in our labors of love, we shall be permitted to look down from the seats of endless bliss, from the summit of the everlasting hills, and enjoy a comprehensive view of the progress and final triumph of gospel truth—we shall see the soldiers of the cross plant the gospel standard in every land, and the blood stained banner of salvation wave triumphant over all the kingdoms of the world—we shall behold the storming of the last fortress of idolatry, and see the last strong hold of the devil demolished.

And now I would ask: what bosom does not exult with joy? What heart does not warm, and burn and bound, while anticipating the glorious results of Missionary enterprise, and who does not covet to become a sharer in this blessed work? a work that would increase the felicity and enhance the dignity of angels, were they permitted to engage in it.

None I presume who are now present, but are prepared to admit the utility of Missionary Institutions; still I fear we are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of joint exertion in our efforts to promote their object; we are too ready to say what can I do? What will my little mite avail towards accomplishing the important and extensive purposes of this society? I would answer this query, by calling your attention to the majestic river that spreads itself before your city—it owes its existence and continuance to little springs, many of which are known only to the wild beasts of the wood, yet their concentrated rills form a river on whose bosom, ships of the first magnitude float in safety: Thus if I may be allowed the metaphor, each permanent contributor to missionary funds is a little spring from which a rivulet flows into the river of missionary operations; a river that has already watered, refreshed and fertilized a very considerable portion of the moral world—a river that will continue to flow in spite of every obstruction—that will continue to deepen and widen in its progress, till the waters of the deluge it covers the face of the whole earth. We have then only to proceed in our united efforts to promote the propagation of gospel truth in the world, and the God of missions will assuredly crown our labors with ultimate and complete success.

ON DETRACTION.

Certain vices are so glaring, and committed in so public a manner, that those who practise them, have not the effrontery to put on the mask of religion, knowing it would be impossible thereby to conceal their shame. But there are apparently lesser evils, which we are from being confined to the openly immoral, for they are found even in some persons of a religious character, who, it seems, are not sufficiently aware of the sinfulness of them. Nevertheless, by giving way to them, they wound the cause of God, and bring destruction on their own souls.

As detraction is one of the evils to which I allude, perhaps the following remarks may serve as a caution

to us, that we do not take up a reproach against our neighbor; and may tend to cause the evil speaker, backbiter, slanderer, or calumniator, to be ashamed of his conduct.

I am far from supposing that any truly serious person, will designedly make it his study to ruin the reputation of any one. But I think the evil is committed through inattention to its vileness, and the melancholy effects which are frequently produced by it.

If a man of the world has received an affront, and so circumstanced that he cannot immediately retaliate, how common it is to revenge it, by endeavoring to injure the reputation of the offender!

If any one, through a kind providence, has been raised from a lower to a higher situation in life; how frequently do those who are not thus elevated, endeavor to make themselves content with their inferior condition, by detracting from the excellences of the person, thus raised above them, by insinuating, that perhaps he has been permitted to rise the higher, only that he may experience a deeper fall.

The manner in which this vice is practised, is such, that generally, the calumniator hopes to escape detection. Sometimes, he states the errors, or faults of the person whom he defames, but without appearing to make any reflection of an unkind nature. At another time, after stating several acts of indiscretion, he will put on the appearance of charity, in declining to proceed; and close the subject with a significant shrug, adding, "I could say more, but I will not injure the character of any one, I love to be charitable."

When the detractor perceives, that open censure would be too glaring to pass without reproach from others, or at least, without giving them a suspicion of his design; he cautiously throws out hints, which appear to conceal some evil. He insinuates, that he has seen the man whose character he renders suspicious, but at the same time, secures himself from the charge of false accusation.

When none of the above modes of detraction are likely to succeed, another is frequently resorted to, every way calculated to effect the same unkind purpose; and, being concealed under the mask of friendship, is not so easily detected. The defamer begins by professions of friendship for the person whose character he designs to injure, perhaps speaks well of some good qualities which he is known to possess; and when he supposes he has fully gained the confidence of the company, he closes the subject by saying, "But to speak the truth, for I love to be impartial, although he has these commendable qualities, I am sorry to add, that all is not as it ought to be with him in other respects, I know him well, and there are some secret things which are not pleasing, but I will say no more, indeed I am sorry I have said so much." And thus the deadly wound is given, under the mask of friendship!

Happy should I be, my dear sir, could I believe that there is no evil of this nature in the church of God. But alas! persons are sometimes to be found among the serious professors of religion, who occasionally defame the characters of others, who are in the same business, or way of life, and depreciate them in the esteem of the public, to gain, as it should seem, an increase of trade, at the expense of those who are thus injured. Where there are rivals in any commercial concern, this is evidently too much the custom.—Again: some persons, who are not so zealous as others in the same society, are often wont to excuse their own lukewarmness, by injuring the characters of others who excel them in zeal; while some who are calm and still in their general mode of proceeding, are prone to represent those who have more animation, or more activity than themselves, as bold, violent, enthusiastic, and injurious to the cause of God. And on the other hand, some who are warm, animated, and friendly to every appearance of life and zeal, condemn those who are of a more calm and sedate disposition, as being lukewarm, half-hearted, and inimical to the progress of vital religion. I have seen reason to think also, that all preachers are not always disposed to speak the best they can, with truth, of the talents, gifts, zeal, piety, and usefulness, of some of their brethren. In short, where envy rankles in the bosom, it becomes the prolific parent of a variety of evils, of which detraction is one, and that not the least. Why should any one repine at the prosperity of another? Another person's downfall surely ought not to be a source of joy to any one, especially to any Christian. Probably it may not be the means of raising him, in the manner he expected. There is a divine and retaliating providence, which is often manifested in affairs that may appear small to us, but are not so in the sight of God. And as we do unto others, Providence may appoint that it shall be done to us.

May the advice of our Lord be deeply engraven on our hearts.—"Therefore, all things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I have written in this plain manner, because a growing evil demands a free rebuke. G. M.

MONITOR.—No. 11.

OF MECKNESS AND HUMILITY.

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Matt. xi. 29. If any other than Jesus had taught this lesson, the imperfection of the teacher would have furnished us with objections to the doctrine. He therefore taught it himself, and that too by his own example, which is such as should silence all objections: such as should make us adore, and be confounded, and imitate. What! the Son of God descends from heaven to earth, takes a corruptible body and dies upon the cross, to shame us out of our pride! He who is ALL, annihilates himself; and I, who am nothing, would be, at least would have others think me, otherwise than what I am!—What an impudent vanity, and diabolical presumption is this! Our Lord saith not, Be meek and lowly; but he saith, "I am meek and lowly of heart." It is enough to know that he is humble, to conclude that we ought to be so. His example is such an authority, as none may find well choose humility, for much less the sinner, who may well choose humility, when he has deserved condemnation.

Our Lord joins meekness with humility, because humility is the source of true meekness. Pride is ever haughty, impatient, and captious; but he who despises himself is content to be despised. He who thinks nothing due to him, will not think himself neglected. The true virtue of meekness is never the effect of constitution; all appearances of it, that are the product of mere nature, arise from weakness, indolence, or artifice. To be meek towards others, we must renounce ourselves. To meekness, our Lord adds, lowliness of heart. It is no speculative conviction he requires, but the real bent and inclination of the heart; it is a lowliness to which the will consents, and which it loves for the glory of God; it is an entire distrust of ourselves, our own abilities, and natural strength, that we may owe our cure to God alone. To despair at the sight of our own wretchedness is not humility, but a most abominable kind of pride.

FENELON.

As Noah's dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot, so the Spirit of God can find no residence in the heart that is deluged in sin.

FROM THE RECORDER AND TELEGRAPH.

LOVELY SONG OF THE PREACHER.

And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words but they do not see thee.

This, it is believed, is an accurate description of a large proportion of those, who compose our religious assemblies on the Sabbath. The pleasant voice, or the fine eloquence of the speaker, commands more attention and approbation than any of the solemn truths which he utters. The house of worship is filled perhaps to overflowing—all eyes and all ears are open—curiosity is gratified—sensibility awakened—passions moved. But where is the practical, moral influence? Where is the amendment of the heart? And where is the newness of life, if the singing, the praying, the preaching, and the entire religious movement of the Sabbath day go to nothing, like the lowliness of a song that is sung, or the pleasantness of a tale that is told at an evening's entertainment.

A man may gaze on the glories of creation—he may taste the delights of the successive seasons—he may admire the power and wisdom of Him whose agency works in the springing plants, the refreshing breezes, the cheering sun, and the glowing stars; and his heart, as to *pious feeling*, be a perfect blank. The morning stars have sung together and the sons of God have shouted for joy, and all the creation has been vocal with the high praises of Jehovah—and yet the touching strains of the lovely song may have produced in the mind of this admirer, nothing more than an animal feeling or an intellectual enjoyment. In thousands of instances, the words of the preacher, whether he be eloquent or not, produce no better effects. A display of pulpit eloquence will be attended at least with a momentary gratification, which is often not much unlike that, produced by an evening's exhibition in the theatre. But where is the permanent benefit which is carried into practical, moral life? The tender sensibilities of the soul may be awakened—gloomy thoughts chased away—impure desires suppressed—and the whole soul lifted above the sphere of its ordinary operations. But after all, what is it? It is a *very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument*.

It cannot be denied that the minister of the gospel is to many of his hearers, what Ezekiel was to the people of Israel—a lovely song. His persuasive and winning eloquence (if he chance to be eloquent) may produce for the moment, an overwhelming effect; but the lapse of a few hours proves, perhaps, that it was only a transient emotion. And we can hardly expect this effect to be produced on the minds of worldly-minded people, unless the sermon be elegant, and strictly of the popular kind. This is the corrupt taste of the present times. A very large proportion of the people at least, are looking for something new and captivating in the preacher. It is a growing thing with them; and if not checked, what ministerial talents or eloquence will long be able to satisfy their expectations? Are there not many who would have every two or three weeks at least a new minister or a new novel? Such is the Athenian fondness for new things, and things to please!

But how is this corrupt taste to be purified and corrected? If people will be pleased and satisfied with what is only artificial and superficial, what is to be done? How shall the people be made to possess a taste for what is substantial, spiritual and durable?

Let the fountains of literature be cleansed. Let the churches go back to the simplicity of apostolic times. Let ministers make their sermons, not mere moral or philosophical essays, but plain and pungent expositions of the word of God, and quick and powerful appeals to the conscience. Let them reason with their hearers *out of the scriptures*. Let their sermons be sufficiently studied, methodical and elegant; but let them exhibit the plain naked truth as it is in Jesus—not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power. If I preach, give me an attentive audience; but not such as come merely to be pleased with the lovely song of the preacher.

If I hear, give me an eloquent preacher; but one, eloquent like St. Paul; and if I am charmed, let the charm be such, as to draw me away from my sins, and from the world, and from the devil, and to bind me to the love and service of my God and Redeemer.

REFORMER.

FROM THE PANOPTIST.

ON SLEEP.

Were a man to sleep but once in his life, when he awoke, he would consider himself as raised from the dead. Yet because he sleeps every night, he forgets that sleep is the image of death. The inactivity which seizes his limbs, the annihilation of the power which his mind possessed over his body, the unrestrained and wild excursion of his thoughts, the deep emotions excited by objects and circumstances which exist only in the imagination; all the phenomena of sleep fail to impress him, or to lead him to one serious reflection. Thus, to depraved man the most astonishing events, if they frequently recur, recur in vain. They do not arrest his attention; nor do they impart to him instruction.

While man is awake his reason sleeps; for does not unceasing and universal vicissitude admonish him of his mortality without effect; and does not sleep, which has all the features of death, fail to remind him of that solemn change?

Happy is the renovated man, who is able, whenever he lays his head upon his pillow, to meditate upon death, without embittering

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

If rest will be pleasant to him, for as he sinks into helplessness he will anticipate with joy the rest of the grave.

From the nature of man sleep is necessary to refresh his weariness and renew his strength; but why his nature was thus constituted; why he was not endowed with the unceasing activity of angels, why he was not empowered to pursue his career of duty without interruption, as the planets keep on in their revolution round the sun, it may not be easy to determine. Such remote inquiries will never yield much profit. It is always the part of wisdom to view man as he is, and to infer the obligations which result from his condition, without endeavoring to penetrate into mysteries that cannot be searched out. It is much safer to float upon the surface of many subjects, than to plunge into depths at the peril of sense and of reason.

Man must sleep—but he ought not to sink into forgetfulness without deriving moral instruction from the drowsiness which creeps over his frame. His eye is to be closed in darkness, but it will soon open upon the renewed splendors of day; should he not be reminded, that his vision is also soon to be extinguished by death; but that in the morning of the resurrection, the glories of the eternal world will burst upon his sight? His ear is to be sealed up in silence; but soon it will be roused by the sound of the archangel's trumpet. Ought he not to be admonished, that in a few days he will be deaf to the voice of affection, of flattery, of applause; but that at length the thunders of the great day will startle him from the slumber of death?

His limbs are to be relaxed into motionless ease, but soon they will be recruited into fresh vigor. Should he not remember, that in a short time the frost of death will stiffen them into inaction, but that afterwards they will be invigorated with the power of everlasting and uninterrupted exertion? While his frame enjoys repose, his mind is active. Should he not recollect, that when his body shall crumble into dust, his soul will survive? His sleep is disturbed by visions of horror. Ought he not to believe, that if he dies in his sins, his spirit will enter into torment?

Such are the lessons of wisdom, which may be derived from sleep. The analogy between sleep and death might be pursued much farther, but the reader must be left to pursue it for himself.

Sleep is every day to a man what winter is annually to the earth, a temporary stagnation of activity, that the energies, which have been exhausted, may be recruited. It is the result of divine wisdom, and should remind man of the goodness of God; for while man forgets himself, an ever watchful Providence guards him.

Reader! Do you repose yourself at night unmindful of Him, who supports and protects you in your helplessness, without one grateful sentiment towards that Power, which has been your strength and shield amidst the terrors and dangers of the day; and which is about to refresh you with rest? Do you thus shut from your thoughts the God "in whom you live, move, and have your being?" Then your conscience is asleep.

Reader! Do you awake in the morning without rendering your tribute of thanks to your heavenly Preserver and Benefactor, and without commending yourself to his care? Then you are *dead in trespasses and sins*.

Reader! Do the calls of the gospel strike upon your ear without impressing you? Then the sleep of sin renders you deaf to the voice of eternal truth. But your slumber will be of short continuance, for the time is hastening with the rapidity of lightning, when that voice will make itself heard; but you will hear it in agony and despair. Your present peace is like the dream of the wretched inhabitant of a dungeon. You may imagine yourself to be secure in the midst of friends, and rich in happiness, but you will soon awake, and find yourself in the power of your enemy, and feel all the misery of an impenitent and unbelieving heart. "Awake," now, "thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

SANGUINE AUTHOR.

A poor clergyman, in a very remote county in England, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his parishioners that they entreated him to print it; which, after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident of his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies. The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money; and that a journey to the metropolis, to direct and superintend the great concern was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbors, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune, he was recommended to the worthy and excellent Mr. Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies he would have struck off? "Why, sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there is in the kingdom so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more, so that I think we may safely venture to print thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies." The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the Reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass; when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly he wrote to Mr. Bowyer, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. B.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation and anguish excited by the receipt of an account, charging him for printing thirty-five thousand copies of a sermon, 3854 5s. 6d., and giving him credit for 17 5s. 6d., the produce of seventeen copies, being the whole that had been sold. This left a balance of 3837, due to the bookseller.

All who knew the character of this most amiable and excellent printer, would not be at all surprised to hear that in a day or two, a letter to the following purpose was forwarded to the clergyman:

Rev. Sir.—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give your self uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but fifty copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome, in return for the liberty I have taken with you. Perry Anecdotes.

IMPROVEMENTS AT BETHELSDORP.

Bethelsdorp, a Hottentot settlement of about 1200 persons, is situated 300 miles east of Cape Town in South Africa. The London Missionary Society established a mission here in 1802, which has been attended with great success. Multitudes of these degraded people have embraced Christianity, and have honored their profession. Their improvements in civilization and the arts, as stated in a letter from the Superintendent of the civil concerns of the Institution, dated September 8, 1824, and published in the London Missionary Chronicle for February, are truly surprising.

The Hottentots, he says, are becoming more and more industrious. Buildings have been erected, and are erecting, such as many around us never expected to see. The Sabbath schools continue to flourish; the adults as well as the children are making great progress; a great interest is taken by them; and glorious results are anticipated. Opposite to the new church, is a fine stone building, erected by the Hottentots, which measures sixty feet by twenty, for a school-house, where the children are taught daily in the English language, and make great progress. Near the church stands also a work-house for the poor, 100 feet long, built by the Hottentots. For the aid of these, a collection is taken up at the chapel every Lord's day. The blacksmith shop, which is 60 feet by 20, contains six forges, a brass foundry, and other requisites for carrying on extensive business. Mr. Arnot, who has the management of it, has eight Hottentot apprentices and journeymen to the shoemaking business. Around the settlement are several respectable cottages; and a road has been made to the gardens in the vicinity, which are improving in their appearance. The Hottentots of Bethelsdorp have purchased a number of farms near the settlement; and when the letters were written, they were contracting for one, at the price of 5,500 rix-dollars.—Family Visitor.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

ANECDOTE.

When I was about eight or ten years of age, I was returning from public worship on a Sabbath day, in

company with several other lads, and two or three men, who went on the same road. The preacher had warned his hearers to flee from the wrath to come, and my mind had been rendered solemn. The sermon became the subject of discourse with the men of the company. One of them made some objections to it, and remarked that "he did not believe there is any hell."—It was an unexpected assertion, but to me most welcome. I thought with myself, "He must be right. God is so good, we cannot suppose he will punish us in hell fire for the bad deeds we commit.—Perhaps the minister does not know how it is. This man may know as much as he does respecting it. At any rate, there is no certainty about it; so I will dismiss my fears."

This incident furnishes some reflections. 1. We are very ready to believe what we wish to be true.—This man produced no argument from scripture or reason; nothing but his bare assertion. I knew him to be a very thoughtless and profane man, and one who seldom read the Bible. I had a reverence for the knowledge and piety of the minister. I had read enough of the bible, to know that it contained some plain declarations and awful warnings respecting future punishment. Yet I actually believed for the time, the assertion of this wicked man, rather than those of the pious minister and the word of God. I can clearly perceive that I so believed, because I wished there should be no hell.

2. We see what men desire to have true.—I take it for granted, that other youths and adults have a temper of heart, very much of the same character of mine. It is plain that I wished to be safe, and spared from all punishment, without repentance and new obedience. So do all impenitent sinners.

3. I can easily account for the success of Universalist preachers, and of all who cry peace to the wicked. The reason is, they preach precisely the doctrine which sinners love. They endeavor to make it certain that every hearer will be saved, while, to say the least, their penitence and conversion to God are left in the greatest possible uncertainty. But sinners love to have it so. And where they are not too much enlightened to admit the shallow proof which is adduced, it is not in the least surprising that they drink in the doctrine with greediness.

4. Those who corrupt the minds of youth will have much to account for in the judgment. It is true I have since believed there is a hell, and have had an earnest of it in my own bosom. It is true that I have now a hope of salvation from misery by the blood of atonement; and, as I trust, repentance unto life. But thanks are not due to me, or to the man who said there is no hell. He made me an infidel for the time, and took away the impressions made by a gospel sermon. If I had till this time held fast the delusion, I should now have been either in hell, or in the broad highway which leads directly there. Thousands are careless of their words in the presence of children; and thousands of children have been ruined by this fatal influence. How will they meet them at the bar of God? With what feelings will they make their bed with them, in the hell they have affected to despise? 5. Parents should use every endeavor, to keep their children from the company of evil men and seducers. To parents their souls are committed in solemn charge. It is their concern to keep them from every snare, according to the extent of their ability. Let them remember it is written, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." If one of the latter company occasionally escapes, as a trophy of sovereign grace; still, in most instances the prediction is awfully verified.

Remarkable interposition of Divine Providence, in behalf of the American Missionaries at Rangoon, in India.

Accompanying Mr. Waile's letter, is an extract from his journal, in which he gives a minute detail of the occurrences, at the capture of Rangoon. It does not differ materially from former statements, but it adds many particulars. The account possesses all the attraction and intense interest of a romance, heightened by the unaffected and more touching simplicity of truth. He who cannot perceive, and who is reluctant to acknowledge, with grateful praise, the interposition of God, in rescuing His servants, while "the heathen raged," and death seemed inevitable, has not only no claims to the character of a Christian, but is destitute of the ordinary sensibilities of our nature. The friends of missions may, with Mr. Waile, regard the almost miraculous preservation of the missionaries, as an assurance, that "the watchful eye of Jehovah is on the Burman Mission for good." We cannot yet renounce our hopes, that we shall be permitted to praise Him for a similar interposition in behalf of the beloved band at Ava.—Columbian Star.

Extracts from a Journal written at Rangoon.

Jan. 19, 1824.—Having heard that the Burman governor at the frontiers, near Chittagong, had offered some apologies for the encroachments of his people upon the English possessions in that place, and that the supreme government had consequently withdrawn their troops, we concluded there was very little prospect of war; but to-day we have received intelligence by a boat directly from Ava, that the king has raised an army of twenty thousand men, and that they marched several days since to Chittagong. Also the report was confirmed, that his Burman Majesty was very much enraged at the communications lately received from the government of Bengal. If these things are so, war will doubtless succeed. How eventful to this mission is the present period!

23d.—Received a line from Mr. Judson, which states, that the king's army is now on its way down the river. The number of men he does not know, or what is the place of their destination. All the blacksmiths in town are employed by government, in repairing old guns and other weapons of war. Fortifications are also undergoing a repair. Every thing at present seems to predict war. Who shall preserve us in the day of the calamity which threatens us? Thou O Lord, art the refuge to which we flee. Under the shadow of thy wings there is safety.—Can it be that God has brought us to this place, under the peculiar direction of his providence, for no other reason, than that he might destroy us? Surely he is a God who hideth himself; but we will wait patiently until we see what he will do. I know that he will ordain peace for his children.

24th.—The prospects of war increase daily. An order has arrived from the king to suffer no English vessel, or English gentleman, to leave this port.—This is no more than we had reason to expect; but it seems to say, this is the beginning of sorrows. In case of war, our only hope of life is, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Even the heart of kings is in his hands."

25th.—Of late, the fermentation of public affairs has



gradually abated. The preparations for war which had been commenced are left unfinished. Letters have been received by government, said to be official, stating that all misunderstanding between the Burman and Bengal governments is amicably settled.

May 10.—A few weeks since, a small brig arrived from Bengal; but she afforded us no information with regard to the state of public affairs. She brought letters; but the commander, from mercenary, or other motives, suffered them not to come to the knowledge, either of Burmans or Europeans.—Yesterday all was quiet, and seemed likely to remain so. To-day all is bustle and confusion. Doubt, anxiety, and fear, are visible in almost every countenance. The reason of all this change, there is a report, that there are about thirty ships arrived at the mouth of Rangoon river; and the Burmans naturally infer, if this report be true, they come with no peaceable intentions. The Europeans had concentrated the day to pleasure, and were just seated at table, and began to apply themselves to a dish of soup, when about fifty armed men, depicted by the Yawloons (at this time viceroys) approached, who without much ceremony put an end to the merriment of the party, by announcing the orders of the Yawloons, viz. to seize and imprison every person who was accustomed to wear a hat. Information of the whole was soon brought to the mission house. We immediately sent servants into the town, to learn more particularly what had been done. They confirmed all that we had heard. We were not, however, molested for several hours, which led us to infer, they designed to make a distinction between us and the other foreigners, on account of our being Americans, sustaining only the character of teachers of religion. But these hopes were without good foundation. It was in vain to look for respect to our religious character, in those who were destitute of the common feelings of humanity. Mr. Hough, myself were accustomed to wear hats, and were therefore included in the general order. One of the king's linguists was sent to call us; we expected, asked why we were called, seeing we were teachers of religion, and had never intermeddled with political affairs, &c. He said it was their custom in similar cases to examine all foreigners. We were called only for the sake of formality; no evil was intended against us, nor should we be detained more than two or three hours. But we had forebodings of a severer fate; we parted with our families, under the apprehension of meeting them no more in this world. The prison was a large brick building, consisting of four apartments, one of which was open in front like a verandah; in this we found the Europeans previously mentioned, surrounded by several thousand Burmans, regaling themselves with wine, seemingly indifferent to the fate, awful as it was, which threatened them.—Mr. H. spoke to the Tykoso concerning himself and me, alleging that we were Americans, and teachers of religion, and that we had done nothing worthy of bonds.—He said that it was not in his power to release us, though he was well aware of the truth of Mr. H.'s assertions; but promised to represent us to the Yawloons, on whose will depended life and death. In the mean time, a blacksmith entered the prison walls, loaded with chains, hammers, &c. His appearance seemed to foretell our approaching fate. We saw our companions in affliction led forward one after another to the anvil, and from thence to the door of the inner apartment, where they were thrust into close confinement. We were allowed to remain unmolested, until the pleasure of the Yawloons concerning us should be more fully expressed.—All around us was hurry and confusion, and every possible preparation was making for the expected attack. The guns were drawn to the battery, muskets collected and examined, together with spears, large knives, ammunition, &c. which were piled together around the spot where we lay. In the course of the evening, we heard the Burmans had seized an unfortunate European, who had been sent from the general with messages to the governor of Rangoon. We could not learn his fate, but he was in all probability sent to Ava. While we were waiting to hear the decision of the Yawloons concerning us, we received a note from Mrs. H. and Mrs. W., requesting to know whether there was any hope of our release. We gave them some encouragement, though we felt but little in our own minds. At length a Burman came in, who after casting a scornful glance towards us, asked who we were? "The American teachers," answered a by-stander. "Put them with the other prisoners," returned he; which was no sooner said than done. Still, however, we were not put in irons, and therefore yet cherished the fond hope of release. But our prospects were constantly becoming darker. Our legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten Burmans, armed with spears, battle-axes, &c. were placed over us as a guard. An hour or two afterwards, the blacksmith came in a second time, bringing a rough heavy chain. It consisted of three links, each about four inches in length; and pouldered together so close as to completely prevent it from bending any more than a straight bar of iron. The parts designed to go round the ankles were bars of iron about two thirds of an inch thick, partially rounded and bent together so as just to admit the ankle. This was designed for Mr. H. and myself. He was first seated, his leg laid upon a block, the ring placed upon the ankle, and then pouldered down close with heavy blows. The other ring was put upon my ankle in the same manner. Our situation afforded no convenience for lying down; and of course allowed us no sleep, or even rest. In the course of the night, the keys of our rooms, trunks, &c. were demanded, from which we naturally inferred an intention to pillage our houses. They also inquired very particularly if we had any muskets or spears, and how many? We did not fear the loss of property, but trembled at the idea of Mrs. W. and H. being exposed to the brutal insults and cruelties of unprincipled robbers. Mrs. W. and H. like ourselves, were unable to rest any rest, though they were not particularly molested by the Burmans. Moung-shwa-ba, one of the native Christians, spent the night with them, and very much encouraged them by his prayers and pious conversation. Note of the other Burman Christians stood by them.

11th.—The night was long and tiresome, but at length morning arrived, Mrs. W. and H. sent us breakfast by the servants, accompanied by a note, requesting to know the very worst of our circumstances.—There was but one hope left; it was that of addressing a petition to Mr. Sarkies, an officer of considerable rank and influence among the Burmans, but a foreigner; this therefore we advised them to do. To this petition Mr. Sarkies answered, that he had already done all that lay in his power in our behalf; but so far from being able to give us any assistance, he expected every moment to share a like fate. The fleet very early in the morning had got under weigh, and was rapidly advancing upon the town. About three or four thousand armed Burmans were collected together in front of the town, along the shore, to repel any attack which might be made by the approaching enemy. The women and children, as if foreseeing the events of the day, left the town, and fled to the jungles, carrying with them as large a portion of their little property as they were able. When it was announced that the fleet was within a few miles of the town, two other Englishmen chained together, with a Greek and an Armenian chained in the same manner, were added to our miserable number. Our guard was considerably strengthened, and enjoined strictly to keep us close; all communication with our servants, and things with a it was cut off. One faithful old servant, belonging to a captain Tench, seized an opportunity, when our door was partly opened, of slipping into the room unperceived. Seeing the situation of his master, and of us all, he wept like a child; and not only wept, but taking a large turban from his head, and tearing it into strips, bound them round our ankles, to prevent our chains from galling; which we afterwards found of essential service to us. Shortly after, orders from the Yawloons were communicated to our guard, through the gates of the prison, viz. that the instant the ship-

Their first impression, as they have since told me, was to follow us and share our fate; but a moment's reflection convinced them of the impropriety of such a step; it would make the parting intolerable, both to them and us, to be murdered before their eyes. Fortunately for us, we did not know that they saw us, until all was over.

We soon after found that they did not design to carry us to the place of execution; for having passed by this spot they proceeded in the direction of the Great Pagoda. Looking blind, we saw the Yawloons and his officers following us upon horseback. When they had overtaken us, they lighted, and having seated themselves in a Zayat, ordered us to be placed before them a second time, but not in so degrading a posture as before; indeed their whole treatment of us seemed a little more mild. Our arms were untied, a little water was offered us to drink, also a few plantains and cheroots. After a few moments consultation upon the proposal made by Mr. H. it was assented to, and his chains were taken off; he asked to have me sent with him, but this was refused. Mr. H. being gone, the remaining prisoners were committed to the charge of an inferior officer, with strict orders, that if Mr. H. did not succeed, to put us to death; which also was the substance of the message sent by the Yawloons to the General by Mr. H. on whose success now hung all our hopes of life. The officer directed, that we should be deposited in a building standing upon the base of the Great Pagoda, and be treated hospitably until Mr. H.'s return.

Four of our number, being quite exhausted with fatigue and pain, occasioned by the galling of their chains, were unable to go any farther, which the officer perceiving, he allowed them to remain in a building at the foot of the Pagoda. The place in which we were now to be confined was a strong brick building consisting of four apartments. The first of these was occupied by large images. The second was a kind of hall, and behind this were two small dungeons, or dark gloomy apartments, apparently designed as repositories for treasure. We were first confined in the second of these apartments, but shortly after in one of the dungeons just mentioned. We found the place filled with Burman goods of almost every description; there were no windows, or any thing else comfortable, and they gave us nothing to eat or drink. Mr. H. in his way to the shipping, met a company of troops which had just landed; he communicated his business to one of the officers, and related where and under what circumstances he had left us. They proceeded forward in search of us; but before they reached the spot we had been removed, as before related; and the Yawloons with his attendants, being informed that a company of troops was advancing upon him, fled to the jungles. The same detachment having received some information from Mr. H. of Mrs. H. and W., also made search for them. But they having been driven out of the house of the Portuguese woman, as stated above, had at length taken refuge in a small bamboo house, together with a number of other females, wives of foreigners, whose husbands were also prisoners. This place merely hid them from the eyes of the passing multitude, though they were in most imminent danger from cannon balls, which were every moment falling around them; and even here they were sought by the Burmans; but a young man who stood at the door told the inquirers that the wives of the teachers were not there, and that he knew nothing of them. Here they remained in a state of great anxiety and danger, till at length they heard the sound of the bugle; assured by this that the English troops must be near, they threw aside their Burman costume, as I ran out to meet them; their hands and faces were all black, and their whole appearance that of persons in great distress.—Their first words to the kind officer who took them under his protection, were, "Our husbands, our husbands!" "Where are your husbands?" said the officer. They could only answer, that but a little while ago they saw us led by in chains, and almost naked, towards the place of execution. He immediately despatched two or three of his men to the spot to see if our bodies could be found, not doubting that we had been put to death. They returned without intelligence. Mrs. W. and H. were then conducted into town, (it being unsafe to spend the night at the mission house, and placed under the protection of Mr. Sarkies, whose family was very kind, and used every possible exertion to accommodate and console them. Mr. H. delivered his message from the Yawloons to Mr. Archibald Campbell, who said in answer, "If the Burmans shed one drop of white blood, we will lay the whole country in ruins, and give no quarter." He referred to the place where he had left the Yawloons, for the purpose of delivering the General's answer; but not finding him, he proceeded as far as the Great Pagoda, where he found many Burmans, of whom he inquired after the Yawloons, and also for the prisoners; but being unable to gain any information of either, he returned back to town, where he found Mrs. H. and W. safely protected. It is very remarkable, that he performed this excursion without being molested by a single Burman. It was now near 1 o'clock, and the firing from the shipping still continuing, gave us reason to apprehend that Mr. H. had done little good by his message to the General. We, however, remained as quiet as possible, which was now our only hope of safety. Exhausted by hunger, and the fatigues of the day, we laid our naked bodies upon the ground, in hope of gaining a little rest; our situation was so miserable, that we were almost dead. Several times during the night our fears were greatly excited by the Burmans; for there were several hundred around us, and it was almost impossible to stir, without making a noise with our chains loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

12th.—Very early in the morning a party of Burmans came, evidently with the design of putting us to death, or carrying us with them into the jungle, where to me seemed more terrible than death. Having entered that part of the building in which they had probably seen us deposited on the preceding evening, and not finding us, they fell into a great rage. If we might judge from their language. This room being contiguous to the place where we were, and the door not shutting perfectly tight, they came to examine it, but finding it locked, were about to burst it open, when some person from the outside cried that the English were coming. They then fled, and we were alarmed, and fled with great precipitation. But a moment before we said to ourselves, it is all over with us; death, or something worse, seemed inevitable; but now the most sanguine hopes succeeded to fear. All the Burmans had fled, and the English troops were near; we even heard some of their voices distinctly; but were very soon again plunged from the pinnacle of hope into the depths of despair. The English troops passed by, and the Burmans again took possession of the Pagoda; and we frequently heard them in the adjoining room; thus "hope and fear alternate swayed our breast." At length the moment of deliverance came. Another party of troops headed by Sir Archibald himself, advanced; the Burmans, seeing them at some distance, fired two guns, which they had planted upon the Pagoda, (which was the first intimation we had of their approach.) These guns were no sooner discharged, than all the Burmans took to their heels as fast as possible; and but ten minutes after, we had the opportunity and unspeakable pleasure of discovering to the troops the place of our confinement. It was Gen. Campbell, I believe, who burst open our door. We crawled out of our dungeon naked, dirty, and almost suffocated. The General welcomed us to his protection, and ordered our chains immediately to be taken off; but they were so large and stiff, that all attempts were quite ineffectual; so that we were obliged to walk two miles into the town, still in irons. Clothes, victuals, &c. were immediately given us. The prisoners who had been confined at the foot of the Pagoda, had been released, and returned to town early in the morning. Mrs. W. was informed that I was among the number; but how great the disappointment, when she learned, that instead of being released, no information could be given concerning me, or those with me; all that they knew was, that they had been separated from us the night before; and indeed, Mrs. W. had no intelligence of me until I returned to the mission house. I need not attempt to describe the feelings produced by meeting again, after we had passed through so many and so great dangers; but at length we found ourselves again all together, well, and beyond the power of barbarous and unmerciful Burmans. For my own part, I was rendered almost delirious by so sudden a transition from the deepest distress to the highest pitch of joy.—In reflecting upon those scenes of danger through which we all passed, and the narrow escapes which were afforded, when hope seemed entirely gone, I cannot help thinking, that our deliverance was almost miraculous. More than once the danger that threatened us was so near, that I could only say, "Lord, save now, or we perish." God was my only hope, and this hope did not fail me, even in the greatest extremity. There was a secret confidence that God would, after all, in some way or other, effect our deliverance, though every thing passing before us militated against such a hope. O how invaluable is the love of the gospel, which like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, enters into that which is within the veil! And standing upon the very border of eternity, as we viewed ourselves, how insignificant appeared all the objects which so much attract us in this world; how vast the concerns of a never ending eternity; and how invaluable a well grounded hope in the merits of Him, whose name is the only one given under heaven and among men whereby we must be saved.

AFFECTING ACCOUNT.
The Annual Meeting of the New York Orphan Asylum was held in that city, on the 22d ultimo. The annual report contains the following affecting account of Andrew Tully, a little boy who is not yet five years old. "His parents were respectable natives of Scotland who came to America in the employ of the Earl of Selkirk. Upon the death of that nobleman, Mr. Tully, with the intention of settling in the United States, collected his property, and with his wife and three children, commenced his journey. Near the Falls of St. Anthony, on the river Mississippi, they were attacked by a party of Indians. After butchering the father, and killing the mother and tender infant with one blow, they were proceeding to torture the remaining children, when with difficulty they were rescued by some benevolent individuals. A British officer took the eldest with him to Canada, and the youngest was brought to New York. The affecting circumstances of this case induced the Board to deviate from their general rules, (which limit their benevolence to the city,) and this tender plant is now under their maternal care."

This narrative, recited in verse by its unfortunate subject, is as follows.

THE ORPHAN STRANGER.
Kind patrons hear my simple tale,
Nor think I am too bold;
Twelve and each blooming cheek turn pale,
Though I'm not five years old.

From Scotia's hills I'm forced to roam,
My parents' cross'd the waves;
They taught me to find a peaceful home,
But found it in—the grave.

By the red Indian's bloody hand
They both alas! were slain;
My father knelt before their band,
My mother wept in vain.

As wretched as her throbbing heart
I've longer lab'd the breast;
They with a cruel, fatal dart,
Transfix'd it to her breast.

They dragg'd my brother to the flame;
Oh, how he wept and pray'd!
Just then a pitying stranger came,
And kindly gave us aid.

Another stranger brought me here,
And I have found a home;
Where gentle ladies feed each tear,
And Indians—dare not come.

Oh! bless aylum! home of peace,
That fills my heart with joy!
Friends! may your blessings never cease,
I pray your poor Orphan Boy.

THE PRONOUNCING BIBLE.
Price 2.50 and 3.50.
LINCOLN and EDMANDS, 59 Washington street, (53 Cornhill) have just published, *The Pronouncing Bible*, in which all the proper names, and numerous other words, in the Sacred Scriptures, are divided and accented, as they ought to be pronounced, agreeably to Walker's Key and Pronouncing Dictionary. By ISAAC ALGER, jun. This work is printed on linen paper, and handsomely bound, and will, it is believed, receive extensive patronage, and very happily promote correctness and uniformity in pronouncing the proper names of the Bible, in which there is now much diversity among good speakers.

RECOMMENDATIONS.
From the Rev. Elijah Hedding, Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.
Messrs. Lincoln & Edmunds.—For many years past, I have observed in different parts of the United States, a great inconvenience in reading the Holy Scriptures, arising from the want of a uniform standard for pronouncing Scripture proper names; some following one author, and some another, and many guided only by their own fancies. The "Pronouncing Testament" you have lately published, I think will be a remedy for this inconvenience, as far as it respects that part of the Sacred Volume. Being in the plan of Mr. Walker's Key, which has but a limited circulation, and agreeing with his system of pronouncing other words, which is now coming into general use in this country, I doubt not it will be of extensive utility both to youth and others, in producing a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Scripture proper names. I hope it will not be long, before the whole Bible will issue from your press on the same plan. Respectfully yours,
Elijah Hedding.
Boston, Nov. 17, 1823.

From the Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston.
Messrs. Lincoln and Edmunds.—I am pleased to learn, that you are about to give the public a stereotyped edition of the Holy Bible, in which all the proper names and other words of doubtful pronunciation, are divided and accented according to Walker's approved standard of classical pronunciation. With sincere wishes that you may realize your most sanguine expectations in the rapid and extensive sale of the work, I subscribe, gentlemen, most respectfully yours,
July 20, 1824. THOMAS BALDWIN.

From the Pastors of the Third Baptist and Old South Churches in Boston.
Messrs. Lincoln and Edmunds.—Having with much pleasure examined Mr. Alger's Pronouncing Testament, in which accents are placed over the proper names and other words, in conformity with the principles of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary and Classical Key, we are gratified to learn, that you are publishing the whole Bible on a similar plan; and we cordially recommend the Pronouncing Bible to public patronage, believing it will materially aid in promoting a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Scripture proper names.
DANIEL SHARP.
Boston, July 6, 1824. B. B. WISNER.

Free blacks in New Jersey.—The New Jersey Colonization Society have passed a resolution that it is expedient to adopt measures to raise funds sufficient to defray the expense of fitting out a vessel, under the direction of the society, to take free blacks to the Colony at Liberia. The free blacks of New Jersey are to have the preference.

Several of our columns to-day are occupied with the journal of Mr. Wade, one of the Baptist Missionaries in Burmah, giving an interesting account of his sufferings and providential deliverance at the capture of Rangoon by the British forces. Soon after the capture of Rangoon, Mr. Wade and his wife removed to Calcutta, where, at the last date, he was engaged in forming a vocabulary of the Burman language.

REVIVALS.
A correspondent writes from Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, that a revival which commenced in a Camp-meeting in that vicinity last September, has been progressing till the present time—that it has spread in every direction and among all denominations. "In Salem, Kingsville and Munroe, not less than three hundred souls have been made the subjects of converting grace. The adjoining towns are also excited in much mercy, and souls continue to be awakened and converted to God."

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated Elizabeth City, N. C. May 2, 1825.
"I am happy to be able to say, that the cause of the Redeemer is gaining ground in our circuit, and the most of the numerous converts of last year appear still zealous and humble, rejoicing in God. At our Quarterly-meeting (9th and 10th ultimo) we had, time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Believers were much animated and quickened under the word; and it was truly a precious season during the sacramental season. Sinners were awakened, mourners were found bowing at the altar, and believers were enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

Warehouse Point, Conn. April 12, 1825.
Dear Brothers,
Last Sabbath our Quarterly-meeting was attended in this place. Our Love-feast in the morning, commenced in a true spirit of faith and devotion. It was a heart-cherishing season to the children of God. Great Christian freedom prevailed; and the brethren and sisters spoke of God's goodness, with hearts overflowing with love to their Saviour and one another. Brother M. gave a clear and pathetic exhibition of the fall and its dreadful consequences to the human race, the reasonable, gracious, and wonderful interposition of Jesus Christ; and the benevolent object He proposed, in His astonishing humiliation, and unparalelled sufferings, terminated by the excruciating agonies of the cross. The Lord manifested His love and grace most copiously to His children, in the breaking of bread. His banner over them was love.

This Quarterly-meeting will never, I trust, be forgotten to but with pleasure, by many souls.
Yours, &c. B. F. L.

A correspondent at Pompton, N. J. says—a glorious work of the Spirit, has recently commenced among this people. Forty-one as the fruits of the revival, have been added to the Church, and it is presumed as many more at the present time, are either mourning for sin or beginning to rejoice in hope. The good work appears as likely to progress as at any time since its commencement.—Rel. Intelligence.

Extract of a letter from a friend in Orange, N. J. to the Editor of the Religious Intelligencer.
Our church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Doct. Hillier is blessed with as great a revival of religion perhaps as has ever been witnessed in this place. The number of those who are anxiously inquiring about the salvation of their souls, is perhaps more than two hundred, and the work seems to be progressing more rapidly than at any former period. A large proportion are young people, but we hope and pray that many who have grown old in sin will yet be made to bow at the foot of the cross, and embrace the Saviour.

REVIVALS IN THE WEST.
A letter from the Rev. Solomon Goodale, dated Bristol, (N. Y.) March 9, says:—In many places in this region, the Lord is showing what omnipotent grace can do, in bowing stout-hearted sinners to the sceptre of Jesus Christ. In Geneva, there is a precious work of grace in Dr. Axtell's congregation. That good man is "rejoicing in joy from the seed he has sown in tears." Numbers have recently professed their faith in Christ, and the work is yet in progress. The town of Gorham is now sharing largely in the shower of divine mercy. Many have already united with the people of God, and many more are expected soon to come forward, and "subscribe with the band unto the Lord, and surname themselves by the name of Israel." In Manchester a good work has recently commenced in Elder Sha's congregation. Appearances are flattering.—Recorder.

There has been for some time past, a very powerful revival in Palmyra. All ages and descriptions of people are among the subjects of this blessing. Multitudes have abandoned their false hopes, and false schemes, to trust for salvation in that "grace which reigns by righteousness unto eternal life." About 300 have united with the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches; and to each in about equal numbers. I am told that the good work, though subsiding in Palmyra, is spreading in some of the adjacent towns. In Genesee, the Lord is pouring out his Spirit, and both the Baptists and Pedobaptists are sharing in the blessed effusion. The Baptist church in Bloomfield has enjoyed a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. About twenty have happily been turned from darkness to light.—ib.

A brother in the ministry writes under date of January 17, from the Westward, that the Lord is doing wondrous things for Ohio. A reformation commenced in the north part of that State in October last, and still continues. Ten or twelve towns have been visited, and most of them destitute of the ministry of the word. This is the work of him "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." We ought to be encouraged to pray, "Father, thy will be done."—Col. Star.

BAPTIST INDIAN MISSION AT CALEY.
Extracts from a letter of Rev. Isaac M. Cong. to the Editor of the Christian Watchman, dated, Carey 100 miles N. W. of Fort Wayne, March 1st, 1825.
"Dear Brother,—The very refreshing revival of religion which commenced in our family last fall, continues without abatement. Eight hired white men, an old Putawatimie woman, and eleven of our Indian scholars, have been baptized. One aged Chief, a

respectable character in our family, and one of our best pupils in our school, have been baptized. I had never anticipated this. In December last, a blacksmith, from us, among the fessed to be religious business should call time, to a place where of hearing the gospel, however, carried with religious books; and with them religious morning and evening days since the black church a satisfied and was baptized scholars, last Lord's day. "This work could not have been calculated. "We had no more."

MON.
At the Monthly At evening of last tuesday, which beautiful minds of the health. The first respect who our resides in Iowa Arkansas. For dicted with severe till recently, there but instead of rep constantly manifested temper of mind; s stress, he would sa best what discipli could alter at all me." And yet, no a heathen!

The other person is a native of Ceylon, Jaffna by the name the account he gav born and educated a hatred against the ble as a book for co which led him to a somewhat remarka he called on a Pro by some means or a New Testament, tain. It was bless length he felt the he became anxious countrymen, and br bringing them to a kn were some of them chiefly the literal ri rise to the impress

He afterwards i the court, in the gentleman remark him, Philip lived in scentions was he li liered to be his f found them to ca ness, he made no the former. On h had been absent f sent messengers to found cutting down within the walls of They called him, him their message look. At length "Philip," said he first he was silent here! Why don while thousands a mised from his place to place, inv precious faith whi ing a village, it w and after saluting This he did with t estness. If he wa his instructions so not, he quietly w evidence of sinc Holy Spirit.—Re

Anticipations I his speech before t was the followi Edwards when s "There may be fa tentots," as if th ful of all events, among the Hotten the South Sea Is trimes the gosp Christian Chines amongst us this d preach the word, good name) a cor and God is gratit of the natives hav

Ma. Enron,
Drunkards! ar through the medi of the most sul among their dis edness, and feari still continue to the writer for su another instance ing it possible it eluded to warn t God.

In the town of of persons assu worshippers of I to their god, G scenes of dissipat graded character conduct fill an u from their labor house, however, dear object of h couch, and res alone. This was so largely of the well as rational clothes (it was s were almost eno filled the house mates. Her fi hausted to affo alast! his efforts physician was c case desperate. sician and friend temporary relief survived a very expired.

Boston, April

respectable character, is also a candidate for baptism. Others in our family and neighborhood are under deep concern for their souls. We have now seventy native pupils in our school. The fields, all around, seem whiter to the harvest. In my most sanguine hopes, I had never anticipated blessings equal to what God has been pouring down upon us for some months.

In December last, we sent three white men, one of them a blacksmith, to an incipient station 120 miles from us, among the Ottawas. Neither of these professed to be religious, and we were sorry that their business should call them away from Carey at that time, to a place where they would have no opportunity of hearing the gospel; and we had actually delayed their departure for some time, on this account. They, however, carried with them a Bible, and some other religious books; and what was still more, they carried with them religious impressions, which led them to morning and evening prayers regularly; and a few days since the blacksmith came in, and gave to the church a satisfactory account of a gracious change, and was baptized, together with one of our Indian scholars, last Lord's day.

"This work commenced, and has progressed, in a way well calculated to teach us that the work is the Lord's." He has done it—to him be the glory."

MONTHLY CONCERT.

At the Monthly Concert, in Park-street, on Monday evening of last week, two examples were mentioned, which beautifully illustrate the piety on the minds of the hearers.

The first respected the father of Catharine Brown, who now resides in the vicinity of Dwight, on the river Arkansas. For some months past he has been afflicted with severe and painful sickness, from which, but recently, there was little prospect of his recovery. But instead of repining under this affliction, he has constantly manifested the most resigned and happy temper of mind; so that even in the paroxysms of distress, he would say, "My heavenly Father knows best what discipline I need; and I would not, if I could, alter at all the dealings of his hand towards me." And yet, not many years since, this man was a heathen!

The other person of which an account was given, is a native of Ceylon, well known to the inhabitants of Jamaica by the name of "Crazy Philip." According to the account he gave of himself to Mr. Poor, he was born and educated a Catholic; was taught to cherish a hatred against the Protestants, and against the Bible as a book for common people. The circumstances which led him to a knowledge of this holy book, are somewhat remarkable. Being engaged in a law suit, he called on a Protestant lawyer for counsel. Here, by some means or other, his attention was attracted to a New Testament, which he was so fortunate as to obtain. It was blessed to his conversion! When at length he felt the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he became anxious for the salvation of his perishing countrymen, and used every means in his power to bring them to a knowledge of the truth. His notions were some of them peculiar, inasmuch as he followed closely the literal import of Scripture; and this gave rise to the impression that he was insane.

He afterwards spent eleven months in writing at the court, in the service of Mr. Vanderlinde. This gentleman recommended to Mr. Poor, that while with him, Philip lived like a devoted Christian; and soon afterwards he was in the performance of what he believed to be his duties towards God, that when he found them to encroach upon his usual hours of business, he made no hesitancy of sacrificing the latter to the former. On one occasion of this kind, after he had been absent for some hours, Mr. Vanderlinde sent messengers to seek for him. He was at length found cutting down the bushes which had grown up within the walls of an old Dutch church, now in ruins. They called him, but he made no answer. They told him their message, but he did not afford them even a look. At length Mr. Vanderlinde came himself. "Philip," said he, "what are you doing here?" At first he was silent; but soon said, "What am I doing here? Why does this Christian church lie waste, while thousands are perishing all around?" Being dismissed from his employment, he went about from place to place, inviting the people to accept of the like precious faith which he had experienced. On entering a village, it was his practice to visit every house; and after saluting the inmates, to deliver his message. This he did with kindness, and yet with much earnestness. If he was favorably received, he continued his instructions so long as he thought most useful; if not, he quietly withdrew. Mr. Poor thinks he gives evidence of sincere piety, having been taught by the Holy Spirit.—*Recorder and Telegraph.*

Anticipations Realized.—The Rev. Dr. Brouge, in his speech before the London Missionary Society, makes the following statement: "The great Jonathan Edwards when speaking of the Millennial state, says, 'There may be found divines even amongst the Hottentots,' as if that would be one of the most wonderful of all events. There are, we trust, some such among the Hottentots; but there are already thirty in the South Sea Islands, who are teaching their countrymen the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have also a Christian Chinese whom we are delighted to see amongst us this day, whilst another is left at home to preach the word. There is also a Samuel Flavel, (a good name) a converted native, preaching in India, and God is granting him much success, so that several of the natives have been converted and baptized."

Religious Chronicle.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ANOTHER WARNING.

Mr. Enckars having been so frequently warned, through the medium of the newspapers, by accounts of the most sudden and awful instances of death among their dissipated brothers and sisters in wickedness, and fearing that they had hardened, and would still continue to harden their hearts against reproof, the writer for some time hesitated about giving them another instance of drinking and burning. But thinking it possible it may do good, he has at length consented to warn the wicked, and leave the event with God.

In the town of ~~St. N.~~, on the Lord's day, a number of persons assembled at a dwelling-house, where the worshippers of Bacchus were often found sacrificing to their god. Here they passed the Holy Sabbath in scenes of dissipation, well suited to their degraded characters. After continuing their dissolute conduct till an unseasonable hour at night, they rested for their labors and fell asleep. The mistress of the house, however, not being content to rest, while the dear object of her love was accessible, arose from her couch, and resumed her devotions, it appears, all alone. This was an hour of misfortune. She drank largely of the intoxicating cup, that her animal as well as rational functions were suspended. Her senses (it was supposed) took fire from a lamp, and were almost entirely consumed before help of any kind could be obtained. The smoke and stench which filled the house awoke some of the slumbering inmates. Her frightened and half-suffocated husband hastened to afford his flaming wife some unavailing aid. A physician was soon obtained, but he pronounced her case desperate. The hospitality and attention of physicians and friends were means only of affording her temporary relief. They could not save her life. She survived a very few days in the greatest distress, and expired.

Boston, April 18, 1825.

Translations made by Baptist missionaries at Serampore.—Of twenty of the versions of the Bible, which have been wholly or in part executed, it appears that learned natives have published their explicit approbation, declaring in almost every instance, that the respective versions will be universally intelligible to the people for whom they were designed. The British and Foreign Bible Society have recently granted the generous sum of 2,000 pounds sterling, nearly \$9,000, to facilitate the printing of these versions.

Watchman.

LITERARY.

Premium.—The proprietors of the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette, offer a premium of fifty dollars to the author of the best Prose Essay, to occupy not less than one, nor more than three pages of the Mirror, and to be forwarded to Messrs. Hopkins & Morris, No. 9 Nassau street, before the first of August. A literary committee will award the premium.

ANOTHER PREMIUM OFFERED.

The publishers of the Western (Utica, N. Y.) Recorder have offered a premium of ten dollars, or a copy of *Deight's Theology*, for the best written Essay, not exceeding two columns in length, on either of the following subjects, viz:—The Sabbath as a religious institution—The political duties of the Christian—Systematic charity—The duty of supporting religious institutions—The importance of the Christian doctrine—The importance of female education. The Essays to be directed to the Editor of the paper, accompanied with a sealed signature—Premium to be awarded on the first of January next, and the decision to rest with the Faculty of Hamilton College.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Canal Commissioners.—The following gentlemen have been appointed by this State Commissioners to survey routes for Canals from Boston harbor to Connecticut river:

Hon. Nathan Willis, Hon. Elihu Hoyt, John W. Lincoln, Esq. Loammi Bowdoin, Esq. Civil Engineer.

Cuba.—It is reported that three thousand Spanish troops have arrived at Havana, intended as reinforcements to the garrisons and fortified places on the island. These, with the four thousand that arrived in January, were to be distributed over the island, for the purpose of preventing or checking any revolutionary movement that might be attempted on the part of the inhabitants, as well as for the defence against an anticipated attack of the Colombian Government.

From South America.—From Buenos Ayres papers, received to the 12th of February, it appears that the Spanish General Olaneta, to the disappointment of many hopes, still holds possession of Upper Peru, and has issued two proclamations, declaring his resolution to defend the country above the Desaguadero to the last extremity. He speaks with confidence of the valor and spirit of his troops, and expresses the most loyal sentiments, for which the Buenos Ayres Argus compliments him, by putting the picture of an Ass's head over his proclamations, with a "Viva el Rey" proceeding from his mouth. In the proclamation to the inhabitants, he accuses of perfidy the officers who capitulated to the Patriots, and says, "Field-marshal Pio Tristan has more than 5000 men at his command, which with my army will save Peru." The Argus ridicules the affair, but it is to be feared that Olaneta, and the Castle of Callao will cause some further difficulty in Peru.

The fortress of Callao still remaining in the hands of the Spaniards, General Bolivar has closely invested it. The Chilean Squadron and two Colombian ships are blockading the port, in expectation of the arrival of troops and cannon, when it was intended to take the place by storm. This reinforcement was from Colombia, and had already sailed from Guayaquil for Callao. It originally amounted to 4000 men; but it had been reduced by sickness to 2200; more than 1800 having died on the island of Puna, off Guayaquil.

South Sea Islands.—We learn by the *Maro* from Society Islands, that vast improvements are there making in the arts of civilized life. At Otahite, a sugar manufactory has been established, where excellent sugar is made from the native cane. At Eimeo, a building designed for a cotton manufactory, has been erected—the machinery for spinning and weaving was imported from England in November last, and is to be put in motion by water power.—The whole was in a state of forwardness; and there will be no scarcity of stock—for Cotton, said to be of the first quality, grows spontaneously in abundance. Samples both of the Sugar and Cotton were brought home in the *Maro*.—*Nas. Inquirer.*

Description of Fort Monroe.—This fortress faces the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay, within about a mile of the Rip Raps. Every vessel within the Bay must pass within half that distance of the guns of the fortress; and as upwards of 200 guns can be brought to bear within that range, upon an object not larger than a human being, it would be impossible for any hostile vessel to force an entrance. The precautions taken to render this fortress impregnable, are admirable. An external wall of about thirty-five feet thick surrounds the entire area. The space between this outward wall and the inner, is filled with a canal perhaps fifty feet wide; and the whole space of this canal, together with the outer wall is commanded by the guns of the castle.

Viewed in this light, it may be considered as the Gibraltar of the Chesapeake.—*Wash. Gaz.*

Florida.—From a statement in the *St. Augustine Herald*, it appears that the population of Florida is very rapidly increasing. At a meeting of the first council, 1822, the territory was divided into four counties; in 1823 two more were added, and in 1825 five more; making the present number 11. The editor of the *Herald* supposes that before the lapse of a year there will be such accessions to the population as will render it necessary to increase the number to 20, and that by the time the census is taken which has been ordered, the number of inhabitants will be sufficient to entitle the territory to admission into the Union as an independent State.

Delaware Canal.—The whole length of the Delaware Canal from the tide lock at Buck Creek to that at Delaware, is about fourteen miles, three and a half of which passes through a high ridge of land, termed the "Deep Cut." The greatest cutting here from the surface is 76 feet 7 inches. Near this there is to be a bridge, from which, when this great work shall be completed, the eye can wander and behold the vast products of the country bordering on the Susquehanna, winding its course to a ready market. The width of the canal on the bottom is thirty six feet, and at the surface of the water, which will be ten feet above the bottom, 66 feet, being navigable for sloops. There has been, since the commencement of this work, which was in April, 1824, 12,161,139 cubic yards excavated.

Ship building in Maine.—A Bath editor informs, that there are now on the stocks, within a mile of his office, on the Kennebec, two sloops of 350 tons, seven brigs over 200 tons each, and a schooner of 120 tons. The Eastern Chronicle says, there are now seven vessels on the stocks near Gardiner; five brigs and two schooners; all constructed upon the most approved and elegant models; and the workmanship displayed in them would bear a comparison with that of any part of our country, and reflects great credit on the artisans employed in their construction.

THE INSIDE OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Editor,

I read in your paper of yesterday, an account of a British ship having reached a higher South latitude than Cook or any other navigator before has known to do, and yet was unobstructed by ice, and nothing appeared to hinder proceeding onward. I feel confident, and have long since published my opinion, that the concave countries can be reached with facility by proceeding southwardly in any of the southern seas, and particularly from the Indian ocean. Ought not this confirmation of my doctrine to encourage Mr. Gray or Mr. Girard, to incur the expense of a suitable exploring outfit towards the south, both for fishing and discovery? Either of whom could, I presume, meet the expense without endangering their prosperity. According to my system, it is highly probable that a ship properly directed on such an errand, would reach a country where the inhabitants are concave, and anticipate those of the exterior tropical regions, which country may be coasted quite around the concave, along a circle of 20,000 miles in circumference, and a great part abounding in tropical productions, and the seas so free from the dangerous storms, as to be every where navigable by steam boats; and if, as is probable, the concave lands are much chequered by such channels as Parry found, so far as he penetrated, then ships might pass through to Cook's inlet; and thus establish our claim by right of discovery, and extend our commerce and fisheries, in immeasurable extent.

I believe I could pilot such an expedition, without, in any material degree, missing the proper course. Respectfully, JOHN CLEVELAND SYMMES.

TOWANDA, (Pa.) April 28.

Singular Bear fight.—A short time since a couple of young men were taking a Sunday's walk in the back woods of Sheshquin, when they chanced to meet an old bear and her cub. The young heroes held a council of war and determined to give chase to, and attack them; accordingly they stripped themselves for the fray, and each armed with a club started for the bears; they soon overhauled the young one and despatched it; but its hideous cries called the old one to its assistance, and the young men were obliged to prepare for the attack. The old bear, when within a couple of rods raised upon her hind feet and with her mouth wide open, frothing and foaming, continued to advance.

They squared themselves, and a severe and doubtful struggle of 15 or 20 minutes ensued, during the whole of which they were unable to touch her head with their clubs, so completely did she parry every blow with her fore feet, and it was not until she wheeled to retreat that they were able to level a blow across her nose which brought her down, when they were enabled to despatch her. This singular and courageous act will do the young men honor; had the deceased Putnam been present, he could not have done more; and his famed wolf-hunt scarcely surpasses the Sheshquin Bear fight.—*Stittler.*

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.

It has rarely fallen to our lot to record a more distressing event than the following. On Sunday noon, as five young lads were sailing down Providence river, a flow of wind capsized the boat which immediately sunk, and before assistance could be rendered, four out of the five were drowned. The sloop Candidate was passing up the river, at the time, but before her boat could reach the spot four had sunk, and they were able to save but one, who was almost entirely exhausted.—The names of those drowned, were George B. Aborn, aged 18 years, son of Captain Burrows Aborn, a highly intelligent and promising youth; Lemuel Bishop, Lippitt, aged 17; Raymond Greene Lippitt, aged 15; and James Russell Lippitt, 14, all sons of Richard Lippitt, Esq. of this town—Cassier of the Union Bank.

The boys were all good swimmers, but owing to a fresh breeze and the distance they were from the shore, became exhausted before assistance reached them.—*Providence Journal.*

The *Providence Gazette*, in commenting on the iniquitous custom of making the Sabbath a day of recreation, observes, that there is no practice in that town, which more deserves public reprobation, or calls more loudly for legislative interference, than that of furnishing boys, at any time, with boats for the purpose of sailing. This remark applies with peculiar force to our own city of Boston; and we earnestly hope that it will arrest the attention of our City Authorities. It is rare that a summer passes without a catastrophe of the above nature; and if a penalty and a stigma can be fastened on those who encourage Sabbath recreation, many valuable lives may be saved, and many a parent's heart may be preserved from grief almost inconsolable.—More than this, many a Christian parent will give glory to God, that his law is honored, and an influence given to the generations of Jehovah, which command the hallowing of the consecrated day. None can tell the evils to society which must follow from the profanation of the Sabbath.—*Christian Watchman.*

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

It is seldom we have to record (says the *Fayetteville N. C. Observer*) a more melancholy instance of the uncertainty of human life and enjoyment, than falls to our lot, in narrating the circumstances of a most affecting dispensation of Providence in an adjoining county. On the 2d instant, Dr. John A. Woolley, and Mr. Angus McAnley, jr. attempted to cross Little river, a short distance above Butler's mill dam, in Montgomery county, in a flat worked by four men. The excessive rains of that and the preceding days, had so swelled the river, as to render their efforts to reach the shore in the flat unavailing, and as it approached the dam, all hope of crossing being extinct, the men who worked the flat plunged into the river and swam to the shore. But the Doctor was lame, and incapable of saving himself in a similar manner. He entreated Mr. McAnley not to desert him, and they remained in the flat till it arrived near to the dam, when Mr. McAnley sprang out with the hope of gaining the shore. Vain hope! The violence of the current dashed him over the dam, and from the waters beneath his lifeless body was taken on the following morning. Dr. Woolley, in the mean time, made a desperate attempt, after divesting himself of his clothes, to save himself by swimming; but his lameness rendered the attempt abortive; he regained the flat, fell upon his knees, and in that attitude, calmly and deliberately awaited the awful and impending destruction. The awful suspense was of short duration—but a moment, and the flat was precipitated over the dam, and the fate of this unfortunate gentleman was sealed for ever. His body was not found until Saturday last, the 6th day after he was drowned.

We understand that Dr. Woolley has left a wife and three young children, and that as a physician and a man, his loss will be severely felt by his neighbors. He was on his way to minister to the diseased, little thinking his own case was more urgent, and to be sooner and more fatally decided than that of his patient.

Three brothers, named Israel, Nelson, and Isaac Thayer, were tried a few days since at Buffalo, for the murder of John Love. They were all found guilty on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be executed on the 17th June. They have since confessed their guilt.

The funeral of the late King of France is said to have cost the nation about \$400,000. This sum would pay the salary of the President of the United States for sixteen years.

Disturbing Public Worship.—On Friday, the 29th ult. two men, belonging to Milton, were tried at the Court of Common Pleas in Dedham, on a charge of disturbing a congregation of people met for the worship of God in Dorchester. They were found guilty, and sentenced to pay each thirty dollars fine, with costs of prosecution.

Engraving upon Stone.—We had an opportunity, on Saturday, of examining a specimen of Engraving upon stone; which possessed all the beauty and faithfulness of a wood engraving. Mr. Meer, the gentleman who has discovered the means by which this may be effected, represents the advantages of stone for cuts, as decidedly superior to those of wood—not among the least of which, will be noticed the impossibility of the stone's warping, an evil by which a wood cut, of any considerable size is very soon injured. Engravings of any size upon stone, for books, newspapers, &c. may be cleaned in the form, with the type, without injury, a process which would destroy the lines of a wood cut. The stone upon which the engraving is made, is very soft, and is hardened by chemical process, after the engraving is performed. The cost of a stone cut, will not materially exceed one upon wood.—*U. S. Gaz.*

An important discovery has been made in Chemistry. It is a fluid and transparent Soap, for personal use and for washing of linen and wearing apparel. It may be preserved many years in bottles or casks, and the manufacturing prime cost of it is considerably cheaper than that of common soap.

American Nankens.—J. B. Nones, of Philadelphia, has obtained a patent for a receipt to make buff or nankens colours, which are indestructible. This discovery is of great value, as we now can have nankens of a cheap quality, and of American manufacture.—*Patriot.*

Connecticut Charter Oak.—Much having been said in Boston and New York, respecting large trees, we are induced to make a few remarks respecting an oak tree which we have in this city. It goes by the name of the Charter Oak, so called, from the fact, that the Charter of the Colony of Connecticut was deposited under it for safe keeping.

From the best information that we can obtain, this tree is not less than four hundred years old; it is twenty-eight feet in circumference near the ground; and at the height of seven feet, it is seventeen feet in circumference. The height of the tree, as near as can be ascertained, is about seventy feet; some of its branches extend nearly forty feet.—*Hartford pa.*

Scotch Colony in Buenos Ayres.—The London Morning Chronicle announces the sailing of the *Norval*, from Greenock to Buenos Ayres, with a company of emigrants, principally agricultural laborers and mechanics, who propose to settle about a hundred and twenty miles above that city. The *Morning Chronicle* considers this an undertaking which may, and in all probability will lead to results not much less important, than the emigration of the founders of the Plymouth Colony in 1620.

The blind restored to sight.—A young man in Louisiana had been blind about ten years, during which time he married and became the father of three children. Having heard of the skill of Dr. Lobatut of New Orleans as an oculist, he hastened to put himself under his care, leaving his wife and children at Baton Rouge. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed when his sight was completely restored, and he enabled to go and see his wife and children, for the first time.

A physician by the name of *Buller*, residing at Hamburg, has lately invented a new surgical instrument, by means of which he can amputate a leg in one second, and which has the effect of benumbing the pain of the patient, by a simultaneous pressure which accompanies the operation.

The *Western Carolinian* says, that there is a tract of country in North Carolina, where gold is found on almost every square mile, and the people are so occupied in searching for it, that it is feared there will be a scarcity of corn; \$5000 or 6000 worth has been sold in Salisbury since January.

Singular Murder.—The *Lynchburg (Va.) paper* of the 21st ult. states that Maj. Thomas Jones, an old and respectable citizen, being assaulted by his son in law, by the name of Wood, whose grievances he had borne with for a number of years, drew his pistol and shot him dead on the spot. He immediately sent for a neighboring magistrate, and surrendered himself into custody.

MILFORDVILLE, April 12.

One of the gang of villains who have followed close in Gen. Lafayette's rear, picking pockets wherever an opportunity offered, was apprehended a few days since on the borders of Alabama, and brought back for trial.

He is an Englishman, who calls himself Wm. Williams, and acknowledges he was an accomplice in poisoning Maj. Smith's pocket book in this place, he containing \$2,500; a part of the money has been recovered from him. The Superior Court for this county being in session, the culprit had no cause to complain of a delay of justice. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for four years.

A very singular incident, and one which it was at first supposed to be attended with serious consequences, occurred at a respectable boarding house in New York on Wednesday evening. At tea, the boarders, about twenty five in number, partook of some cake which was on the table, and were soon after seized with a violent sickness at the stomach. A general alarm was the consequence, and physicians were sent for, who soon arrived, and by seasonable remedies, all, we are happy to state, have recovered. On investigation it appeared that the cake had been accidentally mixed with arsenic instead of pearlash, and being so strongly impregnated, it produced immediate sickness, to which case is attributed their speedy recovery, as medical aid was thus speedily obtained.—*N. Y. pa.*

Painful Disaster.—We regret to learn, that on the 14th ult. at two in the morning, the steam boat *Teche*, Capt. Campbell, on her passage to New Orleans, when about ten miles below Natchez her boiler burst, three men were killed and several severely scalded. The calamity did not end here—The steam boat Washington, hove to, and from 12 to 18 of the survivors, attempting to board her, the boat which they were in upset, and all on board were drowned.

Noted Thief.—At a nisi prius term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Greenfield, Mass. last month, one James Collins, alias James Wilson was convicted of being a notorious stealer of cattle. He sold two pairs twice, which he had stolen twice; and whilst in gaol, for trial, he was recognised by a Mr. Morton, of Hatfield, as the same villain, who in 1821, had sold him a pair of cattle which he had stolen from Mr. Allen, of Deerfield. Upon the three indictments, he was sentenced to five days' solitary imprisonment, and seven years' hard labor in the State Prison.

At a late term of the Supreme Court in Rhode Island, an action was tried, which was originally brought to recover two dollars for damages done to the Plaintiff's fence by a fire. The costs on both sides amounted to about one hundred and thirty eight dollars, and the action was settled at last!

BRIDGEPORT, (Conn.) April 27.

On Friday last, a little girl, about one year and a half old, daughter of Mr. Albert Lewis, of Fairfield, was so dreadfully scalded by turning over a kettle of boiling water, as to occasion its death in about thirty hours after. And what adds to this melancholy truth is, as we are informed, this little yet promising child, came to its death through the carelessness occasioned by that hellish practice, intemperance.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the *Wesleyan Academy* will be held at the house of Abraham Avery, in Wilbraham, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

ABEL BLISS, Secretary.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Norris, Philip C. Tucker, Esq. of Vergennes, Vt. to Miss Mary Catharine Williams of Boston. Mr. Edward Harding to Miss Mary Leach. Mr. John Morrison, of Waltham, to Miss Elizabeth Perry, of this city. Mr. Joshua Phippen, to Miss Sarah Hamann, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hamann, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, Mr. John Melvin, aged 48; widow Elizabeth Carroll, aged 56; widow Elizabeth Hopkins, aged one hundred years; Mr. Gus Turner, aged 55.—At Bedford, Capt. John B. Cordis. He was an officer on board the ship *Columbia*, Capt. Kendrick, the first American vessel that ever circumnavigated the Globe, and subsequently a lieutenant in the United States Navy.—In the *Indiana* in B. I. river, Mr. John Brown, aged 65. He committed suicide by forcing his wooden leg down his throat. He had been for some time in a state of mental derangement, and imagined that the physicians intended to burn him, and under this impression committed suicide in the manner above stated, in which manner he was found.—At Siena, Italy, March 17, of consumption, Mr. Captain L. Freeman, of the house of Freeman, Cobb & Co. of this city.—At London, in March last, Dr. Charles Yarnold, aged 45, a celebrated Physician, and son of Mrs. Elizabeth Y. of Weston, Mass.—In Italy, Signor Galimani, the first tenor singer of Italy, and formerly a member of the Chapel in the Opera House, aged one hundred and thirty-eight years.

In Mansfield, Mass. on Thursday last, of consumption, Miss Nancy Allen, daughter of Mr. Elijah Allen, aged 16 years. Two of her sisters have been swept away, within one year, by the same disease.—At Easthampton, Mass. Mr. Jonathan Jones, in the 99th year of his age—probably the oldest person in the county of Hampshire. He was born in Northampton (in that part which is now Easthampton), in 1726. He was a soldier under Major (afterwards Colonel) Seth Fernald, of Northampton, in the expedition against Louisburg, on the 13th of June, 1758, in 1745, and was present at the siege and capture of that important fortress. He sustained through life the character of a kind neighbor, a good citizen, and an exemplary Christian. He was admitted into the church more than 75 years ago, during the ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. His mental faculties, especially his memory, which was remarkably retentive, remained almost unimpaired until near the close of life.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BOSTON.

ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, May 2.—Arrived, brig *Croix*, King, New Orleans; Mary and Nancy, Theobald, St. Croix; Le Grange, Emford, Liverpool, 81 days; Spartan, Prince, St. Croix, 20; Argo, Jordan, Matanzas; Traveller, Smalley, St. Thomas; Imeline, Thacker, Bahia; Almira, M. Lellan, and sch. Ann, Suizer, Washington and Alexandria; British sch. Ranger, Capt. St. Andrews; sch. Ocean, Taylor, Charleston; York, Capt. Easter, St. Thomas; Laban, Knowles, St. Croix; Success, Brown, Harbor Island, Bahamas, 15; Rola, Nowell, St. Domingo City, 27; Friendship, Clewley, St. Pierre; An Rosina, Lucas, Richmond; Hannah and Eliza, Broder, Halifax, via Nova Scotia; Hero, Bourgeois, Bridgetown; Volant, Johnson, St. Andrews; Monkey, Lutez, Eliza, Georgetown, Fredericksburg; Loston, Shackford, Eastport; packet Reporter, Knight, Portland; steamboat Patent, sloops Carter, Stewart, Elizabeth City, Hercules, Parker, Hartford; Seafower, and Capt. Ann, Augusta; Superb, Bath; Syren, Belfast; Bolina, Castine; Fortune, Newburyport; Mary Ann, Lonzano, and Maria, Portsmouth; Dover Packet, Dover; Caroline, Portland; Alert, Moreton, Key West.—Clear, brig Advance, Crafts, Charleston; schs. Three Brothers, Smith, Trinidad, Cuba; Vineyard, St. Andrews.

TUESDAY, May 3.—Arrived, brig *Tropic*, Stevens, Havannah; Gloucester, Boston, Lardner; Deborah, Fish, Hallowell; sloops *Betsy*, Morrill, Wells; Polly, Thrasher, Marblehead; Packet, Walker, Kennebec; Elizabeth, Howes, Augusta; William, Bowditch, Salem; Pearl, Colby, Salisbury.—Clear, brig *Cashier*, Glover, Rio de la Hacha and Europe, Lee, Fritchard, Newburyport; Sarah, Morrill, Gloucester; Casanova, New York.—Clear, brig *Eliza*, Capt. St. Andrews; schs. Mary, Stearns, Jamaica; Sassafras, and Jane, Thompson, Mogadore and a bark; Dela Belcher, Tarbox, Bath; Volant, Fritchard, Newburyport; sloops *Concord*, Chase, Henderson, Salem; Jaques, Flower, Hartford; Betsey, Colby, Newburyport.

WEDNESDAY, May 4.—Arrived, brig *Tropic*, Stevens, Havannah; B. Thacker, Fish, 2, cotton, bound to Labrador; schs. *Bethiah*, Wright, Eastport, 6; William, Fern, Hallowell; Triumph, Rowe, Georgetown, Me.; Messenger, Hallowell; Hysa, Jennings, New York; Humming Bird, Torrey, Eastport, 20; Lewis, Webster, Kennebec; Charity, Smeal, Eastport, 6; Mentor, Litridge, Providence; sloop *Packet*, Johnson, Salem; Dispatch, South, New York; sloop, *Mermaid*, New York; 3; *Millerville*, Knight, Portland; Hyacinth, Bean, Portsmouth; Pomona, Akin, New Bedford; Mary, Howes, Albany.—Clear, ships *Brilliant*, Williams, India; *Champion*, Mager, Manila; schs. *Isis*, Fort, Boston; 8; *Theodore*, a market; *Mirror*, Bassett, New York; sloop *Delight*, vicinity, do.

THURSDAY, May 5.—Arrived, brig *Echo*, Blanchard, Trinidad; schs. *Olive*, Cook, Bath, N. C.; Carrier, Mayo, Richmond; Olive, Eastman, New York; Vischer, Ingraham, Albany; Rover, Bassett, Richmond; Express, Portland; Hector, Plymouth; Casanova, New York.—Clear, brig *Eliza*, Capt. St. Andrews; schs. Mary and Nancy, Bath; schs. New England, Crowell, Baltimore; Franklin, Hallowell; sloops *Eliza Ann*, Gould, New York; Orion, Hartford; Arctine, Bath.

FRIDAY, May 6.—Arrived, sch. *Sarah Maria*, Rawson, 65 days from Cape Mount, Africa; sloop *Johnston*, Johnson, Salem.—Clear, ship *Ann*, Lawson, Hutchinson, Liverpool, via Nova Scotia; brig *Pierion*, King, Gibraltar and a market; *Wasp*, Stow, New South Shetland; Fern, Bradbury, Kennebec; schs. *Ranger*, Vaughan, St. John, New Brunswick; Fair Lady, Miller, Gonaïvalle; Five Brothers, Bunker, St. Andrews; Hope, Pickering, do.; *Daphne*, Whiting, Plymouth; Regulator, Luce, 1; *Libanthe*, Lavington, Foster, Machias; Victor, Wignin, Portsmouth; sloops *Rapid*, Swan, Nantucket; Hawk, Startuck, do.; Mary, Perkins, Kennebec.

SATURDAY, May 7.—Arrived, schs. *Rambler*, Tucker, Portsmouth; St. Croix, Bowman, Eastport; Sally, Johnson, do.; sloop *Polly*, Thrasher, Marblehead.—Clear, ships *Hudson*, Sever, Calcutta; Jasper, Crockett, Cape Cod; Charles, Dow, Mobile; brig *Echo*, Blanchard, Portland; schs. Success, Brown, Nassau, N. P.; Penobscot Packet, Croby, Honduras; Superb, Weed, Bath; Boston, Pattee, do.; Sea Flower, Soule, do.; Eliza Jane, Cobb, Philadelphia; Boston, Sackford, Eastport; Fomas, Huzakus, Baltimore; Reporter, Knight, Portland; Dover Packet, Dover; Fredericksburg, Olive, Eastman, Bath; Laurel, Tettingill, Sullivan; sloops *Hove*, Wood, Salem; Syren, Burgess, Belfast; Mentor, Nye, Hallowell; Packet, Rutherford, Newburyport; Traveller, Davis, Providence; Charles, Gilford, do.; Echo, Lovell, New York; Eliza, Douglas, Bath; Hyacinth, Fern, Portsmouth; Venus, Vancouver, do.; Pearl, Colby, Newburyport; Packet, Johnson, Portland; Independence, Dexter, Gloucester; Polly, Coe, Plymouth; Betsey, Robbins, do.

SUNDAY, May 8.—Arrived, brigs *Cutler*, Huntress, Falmouth; Mermaid, Bedford, and *Libanthe*, Knight, Baltimore; schs. *Reaper*, Percival, do.; Wave, Howes, and Francis, Hard New York; Thomas, Lapham, Sorinam; British brig *Dore*, Draycott, St. Johns, N. F

THE HERALD'S HARP.



POETRY AND PIETY.

We published a few weeks since, the sudden death of Rev. Harvey Loomis, of Bangor, Maine. He had ascended the pulpit to preach from the text, "This year thou shalt die;" when he was observed to falter, and in a few minutes was a corpse. The lines below, from the Penobscot Gazette, refer to that event. They unite the pure spirit of poetry with heavenly piety.—N. F. Stetson.

THE DESERTED CONFERENCE ROOM.

Ye need not hang that candle by the desk;
Ye may remove his chair, and take away his book;
He will not come to-night. He did not hear the bell
Which told the hour of prayer. I cannot speak the reason,
But he does not seem to love, as he did once,
The conference room.

We've waited long of late, and thought we heard, at length,
His well known step. We were deceived,
He did not come. 'Tis very sad to say,
But he will never come again.

Do ye remember how he'd sometimes sit
In this now vacant corner, quite hid by his obscurity,
Only ye might observe his matchless eye
Striving to read the feelings of your souls,
That he might know if ye would hear the voice of Jesus.

Ye do remember: Well; he's not there now:
Ye may be gay and thoughtless if ye will,
His glance shall not reprove you.
Or, if ye choose it, ye may slumber on your seats,
And never fear the watchman's eye:
It weeps not o'er you now.

There, listen to that hymn of praise;
But how it falters on the lip;
How like a funeral dirge it sounds.
Ah! ye have lost your leader, and ye cannot sing.
But hark! When ye struck that note,
Did ye not hear an angel voice take up the lofty strain,
"For thou, O Lamb of God, art worthy?"

'Twas his voice.
Not rising, as in former days, from this low temple:
Sing softly, or ye will not hear it:
Only the clearest, softest strain, waving its way
From the celestial world, just strikes the listening ear,
And now, 'tis gone.

Ye've not forgotten what he used to say,
Or, if ye have, methinks he'd answer,
"Remember, O my people, for the day approaches
When ye must stand before me."
Accept of mercy while ye may. What shall it profit,
Though you gain the world and lose your souls?"

And then he would conclude, perhaps,
"A few years hence, and where are we?
Our bodies mouldering in the tomb,
Our very names forgotten by the living,
Our spirits, where are they?"

Oh how it chills the heart, to think
That voice is no more heard within these walls.
Is no fiction, is it? No delusive dream?
Ah! no, our friend is gone. The damp of death is o'er him,
The moon is shining on his grave, he will not wake,
Until he wakes to immortality.

'Tis sweet to pause and think
In what a brighter world than this his spirit shines.
How very near he is to Jesus. For sure he must be near
To him in heaven, who did so love his name on earth.
And how he would his mortal woes and sins away,
And now he drinks the consolations of a Saviour's love,
And now he tunes his voice to angel themes,
And now he joins a band the rapture of whose song
An angel's mind can scarce imagine.
How does he swell the chorus, "Thou wast slain for us!"
A song not new to him; he had been learning it in years
gone by.

But we are not in heaven. We are here,
Where desolation reigns in every heart,
And sorrow looks from every eye.
Soon we must go away, and there is none to ask
A blessing for us. When we're done praying,
We shall stand and wait. But none shall say,
"Now grace be with you."

Yet, surely, we must not repine
At what He, who made us. He hath done well.
So be it, Father, even so, since it hath seem'd
Most righteous in thy sight,
And if we ask of God a blessing for ourselves,
If we repeat that we have sinned against Him,
If we will not frown upon us. He'll hear our prayer.
We'll go there trusting in his name.
He'll bless us yet again. We'll go.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
A short Memoir of Mrs. MARY GREEN, wife of Mr. Jonas Green, of Shelburn, New Hampshire.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Rachel Lacey, of Gilead, Maine. Her natural disposition was very pleasant and amiable, and early disposed to seriousness. In a reformation in these parts, several years since, she was awakened, and, although she did not then obtain hopes of mercy, she was ever after particularly attached to the cause and people of God. In August last a consumption had obviously seated itself on her system. And in November, being in that neighborhood, I called and conversed with her on the subject of death. I found her truly awake to her situation. She had little hope of recovery, and felt unprepared to die. She felt the deepest regret that she had not given herself entirely to God at the time of her first awakening, and remarked, "I think it is very foolish for people to wait for more conviction than they have, as I did." Having assembled the family, we united in prayer to God; it was truly a refreshing season. A few days after this she found some degree of peace, which continued through the winter. She observed to her nurse, sister Mary Coffin, that at times she had peace and joy, but could not say she desired death. The last time I saw her, a few weeks before her death, to my question, if she had peace and joy, she replied, "I have some comfort, but not that clear evidence I desire—it is a great thing to die and come to judgment."

On Wednesday, the seventh day before her death, the clouds all withdrew, and her happy soul seemed absorbed in love. Her husband and nurse were standing by her; when she began to speak of the goodness of God, and exhort them to be faithful to Him, that they might die happy—then sang,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger," &c.

She declared,—"now I am happy—I am not afraid to die—It seems as if I should never feel another pain." Her husband's father came into the room—she reached him her hand and said, "O father, I am happy." This state of joy, with a few intervening doubts, continued till her death. She observed to her nurse that

she did not think it possible for the enemy to make her so happy, and often her ardent soul burned with desire to "depart and be with Jesus." On observing her wishful looks, her nurse inquired what she wanted. With a countenance lighted up by the smiles of heaven, she said, "I want to be in heaven the most of any thing." She requested her nurse to sing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!" &c.

After she was struck with death, she desired to be raised in bed; and calling her sisters, she exhorted them to prepare for death—not to delay till they were placed on a bed of sickness; but to listen to a dying sister, and embrace religion now. She said, "I suppose you would not be in my place for all the world; but I would not change situations with you." She then repeated,

"Death shall not destroy my comfort—
Christ shall guard me through the gloom.
When he'll send some heavenly consort
To convey my spirit home,
Where 'tis all glory, glory," &c.

She said to her nurse, "Mary, sing this," and soon after fell into the embrace of death; but we believe her precious soul rests in the paradise of God. She has left an affectionate husband and many other relatives to mourn over the memory of her departed virtues; yet, blessed be God, they mourn "not as those who have no hope."

TRUE PAGE.

Bethel, April 5, 1825.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS TO MINISTERS.

All zeal should be continually guarded; and that the universal maxim, which binds every private member of the church of Christ, should be particularly written on the hearts of the ministers. Let your motto be known unto all men. There is a modesty which should run through the whole character of a minister of Christ, and should manifest itself in all his words and actions; yea, even upon those occasions when he most unbends his mind.

Nothing is of more importance than the moderation and modesty of ministers who are consecrated to the Lord. The same decency, the same circumspection, the same majesty, which accompanies them in their public duties should follow them every where; and as they are every where to consider themselves as the ambassadors of Christ, they ought every where to support the dignity of his character, in the wisdom of their words, in the chastity of their dress, and in the seriousness of all their actions.

If the sacred writings, by which we shall be judged, make every idle word a transgression; if the gospel exacts from every private Christian such circumspection, reserve, and modesty in his conversation—what does it not require from the ministers of Jesus Christ? The ministers are, next to the word of God, the depositories of divine knowledge, which they are incessantly to administer to the people; and when the spirit of God calls them to the ministry, he says to them in some sense, as formerly to the prophet, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people." That is to say, to the end that you may make as a new heaven and a new earth, or at least as a part of it, the people entrusted to your care; that you may accustom them to regard me as the only God who deserves their affection and homage; that they may learn to regard themselves as a holy people consecrated to me alone; that the heaven and earth which they behold, are the works of my liberal hand, which, with all things they contain, deserve their affections; and that I have prepared for them a heaven infinitely more glorious and eternal, where they shall enjoy, with me, redeemed souls for evermore. What follows from hence? That our tongue is no more our own; that it is consecrated to the word of God, and the edification of the people; that writings and vain discourses are unlawful amusements in the mouths of believers; but that they are profanations in ours!

Far be it from me to speak against the relaxations of innocent society; but that which I would say, my brethren, is this—that our conversation should be always marked with a peculiar character of piety, gravity, and modesty; that, in conversing, we should with a holy joy endeavor to edify each other, and all around us, with words of love and truth; and that we should banish from our discourse all profane and immoderate joy, and all the low and all the gaudy pleasures of the world.

* Phil. iv. 8.

† Isaiah li. 16.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

The following is an extract from an eloquent discourse on the excellence and influence of the female character, recently preached before a Female Missionary Society, in the city of New York, by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, Pastor of a church in that city.

In adverting to the excellence of the female character, it will occur to every mind, that the obvious designation of woman to a different sphere of action and influence, from that which is occupied by the stronger sex, suggests the contemplation of excellencies, which, though not peculiar to herself, are delightfully appropriate to her character and condition. There is a feeling of heart, a consciousness of dependence, a natural and amiable timidity, a tenderness and kindness, which unfit a woman for the rude and tumultuous occupations, and which, while they assign her to her more retired sphere, as clearly disclose those qualifications which constitute her true dignity and glory.

Among these, we hold in high estimation the virtues of industry and economy.

Did not these lie at the basis of a woman's usefulness, this would be too trite and common-place a remark. The wise man, in the chapter which contains our text, gives high importance to these useful qualifications. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She rises also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." If there is a qualification in which a female ought to excel, it is a thorough acquaintance with the arts and duties of domestic life. She may be ignorant of the other branches of human knowledge, and deficient in more refined attainments, with comparative impunity; but no embellishments can supply her deficiency in these. These constitute her peculiar and appropriate employment, and so far from being beneath her regard, do they adorn and beautify the most distinguished of her sex.

The sentiment may not exactly accord with the notions of the present age, but it is one that ought to be inscribed on the heart of every female, that industry and economy are her true glory. There is no apology for a slothful woman. A slothful woman is more fit for a domestic drudge, or the slave of an Eastern despot, than for the elevated station which freedom, civilization and Christianity have assigned to her. A woman who is occupied in little else than receiving the courtesies of the other sex, and having every want supplied by obsequious attendants, if she does not become torpid by inaction, is almost always the victim of that morbid sensibility, which, while it can weep over the ideal scenes of a novel or a tragedy, has no interest in the affecting realities of human life, and passes through the world without communicating happiness, or acquiring respectability. Few appreciate the obligations, cares and labors, of an industrious female; and few, I fear, are sensible of the perpetual self-denial which she is called to exercise in the performance of her laborious and reiterated duties. Her

eye must be every where in her own proper sphere; her authority every where in her own retired dominion; her hand on every spring in all the departments of domestic labor. And a cheerful submission to this incessant watchfulness and care, constitutes one of the prominent excellencies of her character. A female that has been induced to believe she was made for nothing but to be loved and admired, and who is never pleased but by the attentions of idleness and dissipation, has never learned to estimate her true worth and excellence, and is a stranger to the high destination of woman.

A well cultivated mind, also, forms an essential ingredient in female excellence.

We have yet to learn, that the Supreme Creator has denied to woman the same capacity for intellectual exertion, which he has communicated to man; and that with the same training, the same auxiliaries, and the same incitement, she might not maintain her equal progression in every enterprise that demands simply intellectual power. But this is a point of no easy decision, and of little utility could it be equally decided. There are those who so far depreciate the intellectual worth of females, as to believe that all that is important in female education, is limited by a thorough acquaintance with domestic philosophy; and that to furnish our daughters with any thing beyond this, and particularly to instruct them in any of the branches of solid learning and science, is a superfluity that ill befits their condition and employment.

But how contracted are such views, and how far do they fall short of qualifying females for some of the more useful and important duties of their sex! Mind is a glorious endowment; and there is no reason why the mind of a female should not be cultivated with unwearied assiduity. Particularly to a female of keen perception, intuitive judgment, vivid fancy, and ready and attentive memory, every facility of developing and improving her intellectual faculties, which her means and condition in life can furnish, should be afforded. I know of nothing which a woman may not study and acquire to advantage. If she is ambitious of deserving well, if she is diligent, as her experience and reflection become matured, I would not only have her well grounded in all the branches of a good English education, but I would delight to see her plodding her steady course through the departments of classical knowledge—introduced to the masters of science in every age—familiar with the history of other times, and the biography of other men—well acquainted with the power of numbers—not meanly instructed in physical and intellectual philosophy—and especially, taught to think and reason, and to express her thoughts with propriety, force, and elegance. No reason exists why the temple of science should be interdicted to an enterprising female, and why its ascent should be deemed so rough and difficult, that her modest foot may not attempt it. Every step she gains will reward her exertion, and facilitate her progress; and though it may not be her ambition to flourish in the republic of letters, yet if she would be esteemed and honored in human society, and become one of the most valuable blessings, she need not fear extending her acquisitions.

But while we advert to her intellectual cultivation, let us not slightly pass over the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance with moral science. Here, every female should be at home. Last of all, should the science of God and salvation be hidden from her eyes; last of all, should she be a stranger to the principles and obligations which ought to govern her thoughts, her affections, and her conduct, every hour and moment of her existence. How humiliating, if it were only in an intellectual view, that she should be ignorant of the topics and wonderful themes of contemplation, and powerful persuasives of enterprise, and unrivalled exhibitions of classical beauty and elegance, and matchless examples of purity of thought, with which the great text-book of moral science, the Bible, is so richly fraught! There, is revealed what nothing else has disclosed, and what none but God knew. From one page of this wonderful volume, a female may gain more knowledge of the great end of her being, and of what is useful and necessary to be known, than philosophy could acquire by the patience and toil of centuries. There, too, is developed the great system of truth, which philosophers and sages have sought in vain—every where indicating the most excellent maxims of wisdom—every where embodying counsels more paternal, admonitions more alarming, consolations more precious, expostulations more touching, than all the schemes of human instruction; and every where recounting events and transactions that cannot be communicated without the deepest interest and delight. The wonders of the Bible have interested and amazed the strongest intellects in creation. And if a female would be interested in subjects that can expand and captivate, and transform her mind, that can ennoble her affections to the pursuits and enjoyments of the world, then must her heart be engrossed to the excellencies of the Bible.

All these courses will strengthen and cultivate her intellectual powers, and fit her for usefulness. And if she be pious, how is her character invested with additional power, when it can put in requisition the force and furniture of a well disciplined and richly cultivated mind. The great variety of intellectual accomplishments she possesses, the more respectable she will become, and the more influence will she exert in any sphere she is destined to occupy.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

Ye dear associates of my youthful days,
Say, would you learn to walk in wisdom's ways?
Like Mary, come and choose the better part;
Bow to the Saviour, give to him your heart.

Do you desire to taste God's parting love,
And join the heavenly throng with Christ above?
Like Mary, kneel at the Redeemer's feet;
With tears of penitence his love receive.

Methinks I see the lovely maiden there;
While penitential tears bedew the fair;
And as they drop upon the Saviour's feet,
She wipes them with her golden tresses sweet.

Do you desire true happiness below,
And all those blessings which from Jesus flow?
With patience bear the cross, endure the frown;
Like Mary, soon you'll have a heavenly crown.

Oh, may we all like virtuous Mary live,
Our best, our earliest days to Jesus give;
Be blessed on earth, have all our sins forgiven—
At last with Mary may we meet in heaven.

H. S. A.

FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE REPOSITORY.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

A few weeks since, being at the house of one of my father's friends, I was pleased to see the management of his family, especially that part which pertains to the instruction of his children. We had been conversing about the benevolent efforts which are now making to lay the treasures of the gospel at the feet of every human being. We were about closing this interesting conversation, when a white-headed little boy, who had been listening very attentively, climbed up on his father's knees, and inquired "what made people give away their money, and do so many missionary things?" "The same reason, my son, that caused Jesus Christ to come to our world, and die for us. Do you know why he did this?" "Yes, father, to save lost men; but what is meant by lost men?" "I will tell you, my child, as well as I can. Some years ago I had a friend who was travelling in the northern part of Vermont. The country was then mostly new—the trees

were not cut down, houses were not thickly built. My friend was on horseback. He was one day belated, and as the night came on, he was just entering some woods which were several miles through, before he would come to a house. Soon darkness came on, together with a thick fog. It was so dark that he could not see to guide his horse, and so he let him follow his own course. The wolves were prowling and howling around, and now and then a yell of a catamount would echo through the gloomy situation, he was riding slowly along in this gloomy situation, he thought he heard a child cry. It seemed to be off in the woods on the right, perhaps at the distance of fifty rods. He listened and still heard it cry. What should he do? He did not know but it was a catamount, as they will sometimes imitate a human voice, in order to allure men to them. He did not know but it was robbers, who wished to draw him away that they might murder him. If it was a child, it was so dark he knew not as he could find it. He listened, and now and then heard its cry continue. He was a resolute, and a benevolent man; so he dismounted, tied his horse, and went into the woods towards where he heard the cry. After going some forty rods, he stopped and listened, and heard the cry off still farther in a different direction. He follows it. After going some distance, he stops, stands bending forward in the attitude of listening—all is silent and dark; something catches hold of his pantaloons, and pulls—he stoops down to see what it is, when a sweet voice says, "Pa! is it you?" He took up the little boy, about three or four years old! He now seeks for his horse, and as if Providence gave him special direction, he comes out right by him. He rode forward with the boy in his arms, till he came to a house. On entering, he found it was the house of the little child's father, to whom he now brought back his little lost boy. The father and mother almost fainted when they saw their son, and all the younger members of the family jumped and clapped their hands when they saw little Henry return. Poor little fellow! He had been lost from his father's house almost three days, and they had been all of the time seeking him. He was pale, and almost starved; but he was glad to get home, and his return filled all the family with great joy, for they were mourning and weeping over him, when the stranger brought him in. Now, my son, was it noble, generous and benevolent, for my friend thus to expose life, thus to seek the little wandering Henry in the dark woods?" "Yes, father, he was a brave, good man." "Well, it was such a spirit, such a compassion, that caused Jesus Christ to come into our world, when all men had left his father's house, like little Henry, and were wandering in darkness and sin, as he was in the wilderness. God is our father, and heaven our home; but men are going astray, and are not seeking this home. You see, then, why it is that good people send missionaries and Bibles to the heathen; because Christ has commanded them to go, and call this world of wanderers to return to their Father's house."

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

LAST MOMENTS OF JOSEPH FOSTER, A POOR ORPHAN.

The following are some of the last words of Joseph Foster, an orphan boy, who died of a hasty consumption, March 21st, 1825, in the 11th year of his age, being confined to his room only one week; as related by J. B. Peck, Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum in this city.

On the first evening of his confinement I conversed with him on the duty of prayer, the necessity of repentance, and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, quoted the words of our Saviour, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God," also, the last verse of the same chapter, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." &c. and concluded by asking him if he ever prayed: his answer was, "Yes." "What do you pray for?" "That God would forgive me all my sins, and give me a new heart for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake." During his illness I frequently found him in prayer, and at one time he said, "I don't ask me any thing about prayer." I felt the reproach very keenly, and entered into conversation with him about it, and found he had poured out his soul to a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; for he appeared confident that God had answered his prayers. Observing his cough to be violent at times, and expectoration difficult, I asked if it did not give him great pain. He said, "no, not much; only a little here," putting his hand to his breast. He was very attentive to the evening exercises, which were always held in his room.

About an hour before his death I took my seat beside him, and asked him if he thought he should die. He said "Yes." Before this he had generally expressed a belief he should recover. I said, should you die, my son, where do you think you will go? "To heaven," was his answer. But are you not a sinner? "Yes." How can sinners get to heaven? "Through Jesus Christ," and at another time, "Jesus Christ is the way to salvation and eternal life." I said yes, Jesus Christ is the only way; he died to save sinners. "He died to save me," said Joseph. Having manifested a desire to read the Bible, I took one down; but as he had ceased to expectorate, and could not speak so as to be understood without exertion, I proposed reading, and asked him what I should read. He said, "the 8th Psalm." Having read it, and asked him some questions on its contents, his answers were such as clearly demonstrated the truth of the words contained in it, that "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath the Lord ordained strength." He then requested me to read the 10th chapter of John: I read to the 19th verse, occasionally asking him questions which he answered more like an aged saint than a little child: he dwelt particularly upon "the love of the good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep." I asked who were meant by the sheep? He said, "The righteous, those that loved God and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ." Again I began to read, and he repeated it with me. I stopped: He went on to the end of the chapter, pronouncing the last verse very emphatically, "and many believed on him there." I added, many may believe on him here; to which he assented. I asked him if there was any thing I could do for him. With a sweet and affectionate look he said, "I want you to sing a hymn." I said, what one? He replied, "Hark from the tombs." I spoke to some of the females in the room to join with me; he, perceiving they were very busy said, "You need not sing but one verse." Have you any choice, Joseph? His answer was, "sing the last verse."

"Grant us the power of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky."

He joined in singing as well as he could; his voice at times breaking through all opposition in a sweet solemn tone, his countenance at the same time beaming forth the raptures of his soul. Though greatly exhausted, he would converse every moment; his heart being warmed with love divine, his mouth would speak forth the goodness and praises of God. I asked if he had any advice to give to his little orphan brothers—any thing that I should tell them when he was dead. "Tell them to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near," adding, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Afterwards he quoted these words: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that knocketh, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." "Call upon his holy name." This was his last advice to them. I asked him if he was afraid to die; he said, "No." Are you willing? "Yes." He closed his eyes, and lay in prayer a short time; I could hear nothing he said distinctly, except the words "pre-

cius," "precious Saviour," and the word "amen," which he pronounced twice very emphatically. After this he lay a few minutes apparently in prayer, then, opening his eyes, cast an affectionate look all around him, said something which we could not distinctly understand, though some of us believed it to be "farewell," then closing his eyes, and sweetly "fell asleep in Jesus." "O could he then have spoken, methinks he would have said, 'Tell me, my soul, can this be death?'—'O death, where is thy sting?'—'O grave, where is thy victory?'—'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

During his sickness he was as patient as a lamb, told us how he loved us—thanked us for kindness towards him, and inquired about several boys whom he knew to be bad; manifesting a great desire that they should cease from doing evil, and learn to do well.—Thus died Joseph Foster, realizing that
"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are."

THE GATHERER.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

Illustrated in a German Parable.

"In the neighborhood of Antioch, in Syria, dwelt two families, who had long been at bitter enmity, which was transferred from the parents to the children, Attalus and Meno, the heads of these families, seemed every occasion to annoy one another, and their animosity increased every day.

"Now Meno had a slave who was a disciple of the Lord, and walked worthily of the gospel, and was faithful in all things, so that Meno esteemed him highly and placed him over his whole household. The name of this slave was Silas. And in all that Silas did, God was with him, and blessed him, and blessed the house of his master for his sake. Meno, therefore, frequently conversed with his steward, and Silas converted him, so that he believed and was baptized in the name of the Lord.

"From this time forward Meno became a totally different man from what he had been before; and he ceased to speak ill of Attalus, his enemy, though Attalus hated and persecuted him more than ever, and daily did him fresh injury.

"By such forbearance Attalus was still more exasperated, and he hired wicked men to lay waste Meno's garden in the night, and they destroyed his fruit trees, on which Meno set a particular value.

"Then Meno's friends went to him and said, if thou dost not revenge this injury, he will soon do thee a still greater. But Meno answered them and said, the mischief was done at night; he will deny it. To me it serves for an exercise in patience. I was myself formerly actuated by the same spirit.

"Soon afterwards, Meno's friends brought two of the villains whom Attalus had suborned to lay waste the garden, and said, These men have confessed the fact, therefore now thou mayest have him punished.—But Meno answered, I have forgiven him, and will not admit enmity into my heart, though I am certainly grieved for the loss of my trees. And Meno's friends were angry with him for his forbearance.

"Some time afterwards, a furious fire broke out in the house of Attalus. Meno hastened with all his people to the spot, and saved two of his enemy's children from the flames. He then went up to Attalus and offered him his hand, saying, Let there be no enmity between thee and me, and between thy house and mine! And Meno offered to assist him in building a new house instead of that which had been consumed.

"But Attalus turned from him and was wroth in spirit, and said, This fire was the work of Meno—and many believed his words. And this circumstance troubled the heart of Meno beyond measure, and his friends said, take no further account of that wicked man, but deliver him over to Satan.

"But Meno said, he is still a man, and bears in his bosom a wounded heart. I will not curse him.

"In process of time Attalus lost all that he possessed, and he became exceedingly poor, and suffered want with his wife and children, and Attalus himself fell sick with distress and grief.

"Then Meno took courage and went again to him and said, Ah, Attalus! let not discord prevail any longer between thee and me, but let us shake hands before we die! Behold, what is mine shall be thine.—Let us then, in future, live together as brothers."

"When Attalus heard these words he looked at Meno with hollow eyes, and his face was distorted and he turned it away. But his wife and children wept, and Meno wept also.

"Then did his friends deride Meno, and say, Now surely hath thy heart exhausted its kindness on the unworthy wretch; what more canst thou do for him? And Meno secretly supported Attalus and his family, so that they suffered no want.

"After these days Attalus became worse, and at length gave up the ghost. When Meno heard this, he wept for him and attended him to the grave, and became the protector of the widow and orphans.

"The people then said, How is it possible for a man to act thus? But they knew not the spirit that dwelt in Meno."

A SCENE IN AFRICA.

I stood on Cape Montserrat, night had spread over it her shadow—silence reigned, broken only by the sound of the distant, dashing waters. As the bright and beautiful constellations moved through the heavens in their illustrious and unchanging courses, evidence of invisible glory—of an eternal and immutable God—what scenes of horror—of relentless cruelty, said I have witnessed, along the whole border of this afflicted, this injured land.—Here, every day for centuries, has the human body been bound in chains, the tie of kind fellowship, of nature's strongest affections, ruthlessly sundered, and hope, which smiles in death, made to perish by living agony. Here has manly courage been subdued by torture—parental love punished as a crime, and female tenderness been rewarded by the keenest sufferings. If the pure spirits which inhabit you, can look upon human affairs, must they not suppose that knowledge and civilization landed the heart, and that sympathy lives only in the breast of barbarians. Rejoice they must, that the fair planets roll so far above the unholy and contagious influences of our world. What multitudes of human beings are chained forever to their lovely homes, and saw for the last time their wives, children, and friends! My God! who can describe the miseries of those crowded to death in the dungeons of a slave ship? But shall everlasting night cover this land, and the records of African history for ever contain nothing but mourning, lamentation, and woe? Heaven forbid it. The Omnipotent will not suffer it. A universe beautiful, harmonious and grand, arose at his word from chaos; from the ruins of human virtue and hope, his wisdom is displaying a new moral creation, and the exile, sufferings, and degradation of the Africans, may be succeeded by their return, felicity and honor.—*African Repository.*

The Dog.—An affecting anecdote was a short time since related in the French papers.—A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him.—The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, his master as often overboard, till over balancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faint dog saw his master in the stream he leapt the boat and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved.

Longevity.—Angela Millett, died at the Alms House, Philadelphia, in April last, aged one hundred and eleven years, two months and eleven days. She was born in Canada, and was admitted into the Alms House on the 29th of October, 1824.